

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 197.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1831.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

In compliance with the desire of many well-informed persons, to extend as much as possible the diffusion of General Literature and Useful Knowledge, this Paper is THIS DAY REDUCED IN PRICE from Eightpence to FOURPENCE.

REVIEWS

The Private Correspondence of David Garrick with the most celebrated Persons of his time; now first published from the originals, and illustrated with Notes: and a new Biographical Memoir of Garrick. 2 vols. 4to. Vol. I. London, 1831. Colburn & Bentley.

AN early copy of the first volume of this interesting work has been kindly sent to us, but too late to do it critical justice. It contains no less than 800 letters—the two volumes together consist of upwards of two thousand!—from all the eminent men of the time in which Garrick lived—from Lords Lyttleton, Camden, Chatham, Johnson, Hume, Murphy, Warburton, Burke, Junius, Wilkes, Mrs. Montagu, Dr. Franklin, Sir Joshua, Gainsborough, and fifty others. The whole is introduced by a very copious biographical notice; and a fine portrait of Garrick is prefixed to this volume.

Among the most delightful of his correspondents, was Mrs. Cibber, and we shall make our first extract from her letters:—

Mrs. Cibber to Mr. Garrick.

“Craven-street, Oct. 24th, 1745.

“Sir,—I thank you for your long letter, which I did not receive till late last night. I am sorry to find you do not propose coming to town, because nothing farther can be done in the affair I mentioned to you without your being here. The Rebellion is so far from being a disadvantage to the playhouse, that, I assure you, it brings them very good houses; and the masters receive so much profit from the Non-juror, that I wish it does not give them a respect for the name the rest of their lives. I am partly of your opinion, that the masters would refuse our proposal: the thing came into my head as I was writing to you, so I mentioned it without farther reflection; but upon second thoughts I think I have found a much better scheme. There will be no Operas this year; so if you, Mr. Quin, and I, agree to play without any salary, and pick up some of the best actors and actresses that are disengaged, at what salary you both think proper, I make no doubt we shall get a licence to play there for fifty, sixty, or any number of nights you agree upon. Mr. Heidegger shall pay scenes, &c. and pay those that receive wages; and deliver the overplus to some proper person to enlist men to serve in any of the regiments of Guards, at five pounds per man;—this is the service St. Martin's Parish puts the money to that they collect,—and I mention it, because it is thought the most serviceable to the Government, of any scheme yet proposed. Should we not get a licence, I don't think you will have reason to grudge your coming to town, were it only to attempt it. If we succeed, which I have very little doubt of, I desire nothing better than us three playing at the head of any company of actors we can get together. I believe we shall convince the whole town that we have not been unreasonable in the salaries we have demanded.

“I did not know of Mr. Quin's being in Eng-

land till since I came to town, I hear he is in the country, and refuses to engage yet awhile. I have not seen him, and shall say nothing of this affair to him, or any creature living, till I have your answer, which I desire you will send by the return of the post, and let it be positive one way or other: if you agree to it, I beg you will come to town directly. I must beseech you not to think of not making Mr. Quin the offer; the friendship I have received from him, makes it impossible for me to act in such a manner, and though I apprehend his esteem for me is greatly lessened, yet as I am conscious I have never done anything he ought to take ill, I shall always behave with the same friendship towards him that I ever did.

“It may, perhaps, have been unnecessary to have said what I have done about Mr. Quin, but I was not sure but you might imagine there would be some difficulties about parts, and that might make an objection; but I think for so short a time as we propose our playing, that affair may be easily settled when we meet.

“Your assurances of friendship are very agreeable to me; you may depend upon my never forgetting it knowingly. I think we do our duty in attempting this thing: if it succeeds, we shall gain great credit; and as far as merit in the intention will go, I desire it may be equal. I am pleased that I have an opportunity of convincing you that I have a confidence in you; for I own, to tell you plainly, I think you might turn this to your own advantage with the manager, and that, to break this scheme, he will give you any terms you will demand.

“I have wrote so much about this thing, that I have not time to say any more but that your wife is well, and in town, and sends her love to you.

“I am your most affectionate mother,
S. CIBBER.”

Other light-hearted pleasant letters follow immediately after:—

Mrs. Cibber to Mr. Garrick.

“November 9, 1745.

“Sir,—I had a thousand pretty things to say to you, but you go to Ireland without seeing me, and to stop my mouth from complaining, you artfully tell me I am one of the number you don't care to take leave of. And I tell you I am not to be flamed in that manner.

“You assure me also you want sadly to make love to me; and I assure you, very seriously, I will never engage upon the same theatre again with you, without you make more love to me than you did last year. I am ashamed that the audience should see me break the least rule of decency (even upon the stage) for the wretched lovers I had last winter. I desire you always to be my lover upon the stage, and my friend off of it.

“I have given over all thoughts of playing this season; nor is it in the power of Mr. Lacy, with all his eloquence, to enlist me in his ragged regiment. I should be very glad to command a body of regular troops, but I have no ambition to head the Drury-lane militia. What I wanted to speak to you about was, a letter sent me a fortnight ago. The purport of it was, supposing the remainder of the patent was to be sold,

would you and Mr. Garrick buy it, provided you could get a promise of its being renewed for ten or twenty years? As I was desired to keep this a strict secret, I did not care to trust it in a letter, but your going to Ireland obliges me to it. After this, it is needless to beg you not to mention it to any body; but let me know what you think of it, because I must return an answer.

“I have no theatrical news to tell you, but that they have revived the tragedy of ‘Lady Jane Grey’ at Drury-lane; and that Macklin has wrote a play, which I hear is shortly to make its appearance. I accept the pleasure of your promise of writing to me when you are in Ireland; and am, Sir, most sincerely,

“Your friend and very humble servant,

S. CIBBER.”

“I have no commands, but my best compliments to every body that is so kind to inquire after me.”

Mrs. Cibber to Mr. Garrick.

Feb. 26, 1745-6.

“Sir,—That I may be sure not to omit putting the date to this letter, you see I begin with it; but I think it was not altogether so judicious in you to remind me that I forgot it in my last; why would you not wait and see if the next would be a *billet-doux*? You must have given me the hint by way of prevention, so I have now laid aside all thoughts of writing in that style.

“I despise your vanity, when you imagine my danger was as great from Mrs. Copin, as yours from Perkin Warbeck: my rival met with disgrace the first night of her appearance; and my not naming her when I writ to you about Perkin, was a piece of generosity scarcely to be met with in the female sex, for my rival was then dismissed the house. I think you are now silenced on this subject.

“My love to Ireland is as great as yours can be, and I always think with respect and gratitude of the favours I received there.

“As I have quite left off wine, I can only drink Lord Blessington and Doctor Barry in small beer, but to make amends, I remember them the oftener: I assure you I take large draughts, and that you may not despise the liquor, please to remember that Shakspeare has made one of his greatest heroes to repine after that poor creature, as he calls it. I tell people here that I shall go to Ireland next year, but between friends I cannot muster up courage enough even to think of crossing the sea, so that if there is not a thorough revolution of affairs here, I shall be an idle person again next season. I am glad to find you continue resolute against engaging with them; another season must shut up the house, if the job is not already done; and giving them a lift after the unhandsome usage we have met with, would, I think, be a mean, as well as an impolitic thing. There has been no office these three weeks at Drury-lane, but I imagine the Manager pays what he calls his principal actors, but the others make a virtue of necessity, and wait his leisure.

“I suppose you will hear of my refusing getting five hundred pounds for playing the ‘Beggar's Opera’ twelve times. It is too tedious to

relate in a letter, but I'll tell you the whole affair when I see you.

"I am most sincerely, Sir,
"Your friend and very humble servant,
"S. CIBBER."

The following is from the excellent Mr. Walmsley, the early friend of Dr. Johnson—the reference to the Doctor is exceedingly interesting. It is believed to have been about this time that Johnson associated much with Savage. The regrets may be for the loose society he then kept—but nothing, here or elsewhere said, that we have ever met with, explains how the Jacobite Doctor passed his time in this and the preceding momentous year.

Gilbert Walmsley to Mr. Garrick.

"Bath, Nov. 3, 1746.

"Dear Davy,—We got well to this place more than a month since. But I have not yet begun to drink the waters, as knowing they are sure to give me a fit of the gout; though, I believe, I shall venture to do it soon. We propose staying here the whole winter, so that I have time enough before me. I thank you for your letter from Cheltenham: it entertained us very agreeably. I see by the prints you are engaged with Mr. Rich. I hope you will take care not to hurt your health, by playing more than you can well bear; for that would be the worst husbandry in the world. I should be [miserable] here, but for the coffee-house and a good bookseller's shop. The public rooms I go to—but he that does not play, is a very insignificant person here; and, therefore, I look over the best whist-players, in order to learn the game, that I may, at least, be able now and then to make one with the ladies; for farther than that I never shall pretend to go. But I must not forget to tell you what Lord Chesterfield says of you. He says you are not only the best tragedian now in the world, but the best, he believes, that ever was in the world; but he does not like your comedy, and particularly objects to your playing Bayes, which he says is a serious, solemn character, &c., and that you mistake it. He spoke much in praise of Barry's handsome figure, but made a joke of his rivaling or hurting you. When I hoped his Lordship would give you his protection, his answer was, you wanted no protection: what led me to say so, was his expressing himself as if he intended doing all the good offices in his power for Barry. But, in fine, his Lordship concluded, Barry was so very handsome he could not continue long upon the stage, but that some widow or other would take him off soon. This was at the Coffee-house, and the only time I ever saw Lord Chesterfield there. I was sitting and talking with his brother, Mr. Stanhope, when my Lord came in. I wanted to have had more discourse with his Lordship upon the subject, but never had another opportunity. After we saw you in your return from Ireland, I had the gout in my right hand for two or three months, which quite disabled me from writing: and now it is with some pain I do it.

"When you see Mr. Johnson, pray [give] my compliments, and tell him I esteem him as a great genius—quite lost both to himself and the world.

"You know, a line or two now and then, dear Davy, carelessly wrote, as this is, will be the most agreeable present in the world, to

"Your old affectionate friend and humble servant,

"GILB. WALMSLEY."

A passage we shall now quote from a letter of Mrs. Cibber's, breathes the very refinement of delicacy—but indeed, all she writes is in the same fine spirit:—

"I know you reckon yourself a very politic prince with your journey to Ireland; and I

think the great Garrick never acted so simply since I had the honour of knowing him. You are out of the way at the very time that the fate of the stage is depending; nor would you let me see you before you went, though I wanted to ask you many questions of great consequence to us both. An answer in writing to them would be of no service, for I must know your real sentiments about them, which I shall never desire but by word of mouth. It would be very imprudent in you, to give any answer in writing that I could hurt you by, was I to betray it; and in time you may know me well enough to be assured that such a trust would be painful to me from any person that was not well enough acquainted to be convinced that nothing could ever make me reveal it. Therefore these questions must remain in suspense till I see you; and pray let me know how soon that may be expected."

So again:—

"Mr. Draper called upon me a day or two before I had your letter, and told me you proposed Mr. Quin should be one of the triumvirate; that you were studying parts in a different cast, and that you were willing to make everything easy to him. This has given me great pleasure; it was about him that I wanted to ask you all those questions: I thought it not fair to propose them in writing: I did not know whether you would give up any of your parts, and if it was likely you could live in friendship, playing them alternately. He is an honest, worthy man, and besides being a great actor, he is a very useful one, and will make the under actors mind their business. I have not set eyes of him since he came to England, and was I to see him, I should not mention this affair to him. If you continue in the same resolution, I desire it may come from you; it may be a means of a friendship between you, which is necessary in such an undertaking."

The following is a strange letter from so eminent a man as Dr. Arne:—

Dr. T. A. Arne to Mr. Garrick.

"Nov. 10th, 1762.

"Sir,—The occasion of my troubling you with this arises from a wicked report made by some busy Argus, who having an hundred eyes, and but one of them honest, had ninety-nine too many.

"Mrs. Cibber not a little amazed me, when she told me I was charged by you with hissing Master Norris, or, at least, with holding my head down, in an odd position, whenever he was hissed.

"Sir, I cannot remember whether my head was up or down, or inclining to one side or the other, but take upon me positively to swear, that I never was so mean a rascal as to hiss the greatest enemy I ever had in the world, much less a young lad who never offended me; who, I then thought, as I now think, deserved the kindest treatment imaginable; being surprised, as well as shocked, to hear and see the best singer in your company, (except Mr. Vernon,) though with some material defects, treated in so base and undeserved a manner.

"I was so far from inclining to any such unbecoming behaviour that I was the only advocate he had, and kept all quiet about me, except a young boy of an officer, who said he did not care for the lad's understanding music—that he squalled, and (by God!) he would hiss him.

"I would not have gone to the performance, for fear of some scandal from these observing Pickthanks, had I not a friendship for Mr. Stevens, the lawyer, and an intention to serve the lad; and was so unhappy, when I came home, that I could not eat my supper on his account.

"Whoever told you that I showed any signs of disapprobation is a busy lying scoundrel,

which I am ready to assert to his face, and answer the consequence.

"Yet, though neither I, nor my small abilities in my profession, nor those of any person belonging to me, or in my interest, have ever received the smile of your favour, but, on the contrary, have been greatly overlooked and discouraged upon my account, I have never failed in my respect to you, and still continue (in spite of ill-treatment) an admirer of your extraordinary talents, and,

Sir, your real humble servant,

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE."

We have a full criticism on Garrick's acting Lear, in a letter addressed to him by the celebrated Dr. Fordyce:—

Dr. Fordyce to Mr. Garrick.

"May 13th, 1763.

"Dr. Fordyce presents his best compliments to Mr. Garrick, and begs to be indulged in the pleasure of telling that gentleman some part of what he felt the other night at Drury Lane. It is impossible to tell him all.

"He has seen Mr. Garrick in his other characters with delight always, and with admiration as often as the author will let him. But in King Lear he saw him with rapture and astonishment. He could wish, he could imagine, nothing higher. It was Nature herself, wrought into a vast variety of the strongest, the tenderest, and the most terrible emotions, that ever agitated the breast of a father and of a monarch.

"In my opinion, Sir, those who have not seen you in that wonderful part, are still strangers to the extent of your powers. They have not yet seen Mr. Garrick. It seems to me the character, of all others, that gives the noblest scope to the career and the diversity of his genius. And I am much mistaken if, in the representation, he does not feel his soul expand with a freedom and fulness of satisfaction, beyond what he experiences in any other part.

"Such violent starts of amazement, of horror, of indignation, of paternal rage, excited by filial ingratitude the most prodigious; such a perceptible, yet rapid gradation, from these dreadful feelings to the deepest frenzy; such a striking correspondence between the tempest in his mind, and that of the surrounding elements. In the very whirlwind of passion and of madness, such an exact attention to propriety, that it is still the passion and the madness of a king. Those exquisite touches of self-reproach for a most foolish and ill-requited fondness to two worthless daughters, and for the greatest injustice and cruelty to one transcendently excellent. Those resistless complaints of aged and royal wretchedness, with all the mingled workings of a warm and hasty, but well-meaning and generous soul, just recovering from the convulsion of its faculties, through the pious care of a worthy, but injured child and follower; till at length the parent, the sovereign, and the friend, shine out in the mildest majesty of fervent virtue, like the sun after a fearful storm, breaking forth delightfully in all the soft splendour of a summer evening. These, Sir, are some of the great circumstances which so eminently distinguished your action two nights ago. They possessed by turns all your frame, and appeared successively in every word, and yet more in every gesture, but most of all in every look and feature; presenting, I verily think, such a picture as the world never saw anywhere else; yet such a one as all the world must acknowledge perfectly true, interesting, and unaffected. A very crowded audience gave the plainest proofs that they found it so. Even a French lady, if I mistook not the person, who has been used to all the polite frigidity of the French drama, was moved and melted in the most sensible manner. As to myself, I suppose that I was affected in the same way with everybody else. But what struck me most, and will

ever strike me on reflection, was the sustaining with full power to the last, a character marked with the most diversified and vehement sensations, without ever departing once, so far as I could perceive, even in the quickest transitions and the fiercest paroxysms, from the simplicity of nature, the grace of attitude, or the beauty of expression. What I alone regretted, was the blending of modern tragedy with the inimitable composition of your immortal Shakspeare. It was some comfort, however, that you had no share in the whining scene.

"I hope, Sir, you will forgive this freedom of praise, prompted as it is by pure esteem for the man whom forming Nature, without the least assistance from example, has placed so high in his profession. I have said so much, not because I imagine that my single approbation can be of any consequence to Mr. Garrick, amidst the approbation of the public; but merely to relieve myself in some measure from a load of sensibility with which King Lear has quite overwhelmed me.

"I am, Sir,
"Your most obedient servant,
"J. FORDYCE."

Here we have Garrick's "Advice to the Players," in a letter to Mr. Powell:—

"Paris, Dec. 12th, 1764.

"Dear Sir,—Though I have neglected to answer your obliging letter, I am sure your good-nature readily excused me, when you heard how unfit I have lately been to pay my debt of friendship in that way: the writing a letter has, till within this fortnight, been a labour to me, and which I should have undergone with pleasure, could I have been of the least service to you. The news of your great success gave me a most sensible pleasure,—the continuance of that success will be in your own power; and if you will give an older soldier leave to hint a little advice to you, I will answer for its being sincere at least, which, from a brother actor, is no small merit. The gratitude you have expressed for what little service I did you the summer before your appearance upon the stage, has attached me to you, as a man who shall always have my best wishes for his welfare, and my best endeavours to promote it. I have not always met with gratitude in a playhouse. You have acted a greater variety of characters than I could expect in the first winter, and I have some fears that your good-nature to your brother actors (which is commendable when it is not injurious) drove you into parts too precipitately; however, you succeeded, and it is happy that you had the whole summer to correct the errors of haste, which the public will ever excuse in a young performer, on account of his beauties; but now is the time to make sure of your ground in every step you take. You must, therefore, give to study, and an accurate consideration of your characters, those hours which young men too generally give to their friends and flatterers. The common excuse is, 'they frequent clubs for the sake of their benefit;' but nothing can be more absurd or contemptible,—your benefits will only increase with your fame, and should that ever sink by your idleness, those friends who have made you idle, will be the first to forsake you. When the public has marked you for a favourite, (and their favour must be purchased with sweat and labour,) you may choose what company you please, and none but the best can be of service to you.

"The famous Baron of France used to say, that an actor should be 'nursed in the lap of Queens;' by which he meant that the best accomplishments were necessary to form a great actor. Study hard, my friend, for seven years, and you may play the rest of your life. I would advise you to read at your leisure other books besides plays in which you are concerned. Our

friend Colman will direct you in these matters, and as he loves, and is a good judge of acting, consult him as often as you can upon your theatrical affairs. But, above all, never let your *Shakspeare* be out of your hands, or your pocket; keep him about you as a charm; the more you read him the more you will like him, and the better you will act him. One thing more, and then I will finish my preaching: guard against the *splitting the ears of the groundlings, who are capable of nothing but dumb show and noise*—do not sacrifice your taste and feelings to the applause of the multitude; a true genius will convert an audience to his manner, rather than be converted by them to what is false and unnatural:—*he not too tame neither*. I shall leave the rest to the friendship of Colman and your own genius."

We must now close our very hasty notice until next week, when we hope to do the work more justice than time has permitted us on this occasion.

THE FAMILY LIBRARY.—No. XXIII.

A Family Tour through South Holland; up the Rhine; and across the Netherlands, to Ostend. London, 1831. Murray.

This is not exactly the work we had calculated on. It is what it professes to be, and that is good ground of surprise in a modern volume. The tour, it appears, was really a family one. The party consisted of six persons, with a male servant—they visited the fine towns of Holland—Leyden, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam;—they ascended the "arrowy Rhine" to Mayence—went to Frankfurt—returned to Cologne—and to London through Liege, along the beautiful banks of the Meuse, by Namur, Waterloo, Brussels, and Ostend. It occupied exactly twenty-eight days. The party travelled much at their ease—put up at the best hotels—and, on landing from the steam-boat at the Tower, they had expended exactly one hundred and thirty-eight pounds. These, under ordinary circumstances, would be very unimportant particulars—but we think it not improbable, that this route will shortly become as common a summer excursion, as a month at Brighton; and certainly it is somewhat more pleasant, and quite as cheap. If the political relations of Holland and Belgium should at the present moment offer some obstruction to the traveller, he may spend with equal satisfaction more time in the latter country, and save his money. The cities in Holland are certainly very fine, full of picturesque, quaint, odd, ugly, interesting architecture—full of fine pictures and curious sights—but they are dear. It is dear living and dear travelling in Holland. We say this in the way of consolation to our readers; and we argue the question as we should were we of a family party, and just turned back at the barriers beyond Antwerp; where, it appears, our present companions first landed.

The work opens pleasantly, and, to a proverb, the first blow is half the battle. We are favoured, even on the voyage, with some modest philosophizing, and that is better than the customary sea-sickness of others—and the ascent of the Scheldt is really graphic:—

"The dykes, and their supporting embankments, are seen in great perfection along the shores of South Beveland, the island next to Walcheren, and one of the most beautiful and fertile territories of Holland; that is to say, beautiful for its cultivation and its fertility in

all kinds of grain, madder, pulse, hemp, rape, and flax; in its abundance of orchards of apples, pears, cherries, and plums; in the number of its villages, situated in the midst of trees, but, to the navigator of the river, known only to exist from the frequent spires of churches that are seen to rise in every direction out of the woods. Even in those villages that are close to the banks, seldom is any part of the houses visible, except the chimneys and the tiled roofs; but a church-spire in the midst of trees, and a windmill erected on the bank or some artificial mount, the better to catch the breeze, are sure indications of the co-existence of a little hamlet with those conspicuous objects." p. 6-7.

This is a very pretty Dutch picture—it reminds us of one in Lord Grosvenor's gallery, by Vanderbigbreech, or some gentleman with a like name—if we had not heard the locality named, we should have believed it to have been descriptive of some of those delicious land-bays that are met with on the Rhine, and we should have wondered why the writer omitted the blue encircling mountains. *Dykes* to be sure, is an ugly word to play whiffler to so pleasant a paragraph; but the whole description shows the mastery of language, and the mystic power of words. The scene is fairly and honestly described—but *our* recollection of it is of a weary expanse of damp green blanket—green trees, green grass, (and the reader may shuffle and transpose the words at pleasure,) that reminded us of nothing but ague, rheumatism, catarrh, damp feet, and fleecy hosiery. But the people, it appears, there linger out their lives to a weary old age—it may be so—we had rather "die as becomes a Roman," which, according to Dr. Johnson and the Statistical Tables, is some twenty years earlier than a South Bevelander.

The writer of this tour is a very sensible and well-informed man, and his book is pleasant reading, and not a bad guide. But he has no facility in catching and embodying the distinctive features of cities—he goes orderly over them and very admirably—nose, eyes, mouth, are all correct, but he does not combine them into a likeness. Cities have as characteristic and distinctive features as men. For instance, on landing, as our travellers did, at Antwerp, they must have felt not only that they had entered another country, but another age of the world—every thing speaks of the foregone. The lower windows of many of the noblest houses are yet barred with strong iron gratings, as if tumult and riot, accompanied with political partizanship, were yet necessary to be guarded against. You are reminded everywhere, not of the palaces of princes, but of princely merchants, "ledger-men," whose "ventures" brought home wealth from all quarters of the globe. There is a pomp and circumstance about everything, that recalls those times when its merchants had their coffers of gold, their heaped-up piles of rich silks,—when they were obliged to hoard their accumulated wealth in "ropes of pearls,"

Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts—
Infinite riches in a little space—

when individuals, as the present writer mentions, could throw into the fire bonds for two millions of ducats when their kingly debtor condescended to dine with them. Everything about Antwerp recalls those ages; and, as the people are accustomed to be much in the open air, sitting in parties of half a dozen before their doors in the open streets, there

is always, towards evening, a great deal of noise and confusion; and, what with the seeming wealth and the seeming riot, every unusual occurrence suggests a night-brawl: you expect to hear the town bell summoning the burghers, and to see the city assembling its wisdom in council: while men in suits of velvet, stiff with its own richness, as suits of armour, are heading the brown bills of the city guard. All the cities of the Netherlands have something of this character; but only at Antwerp is the illusion perfect. Bruges is full of religious suggestions, and runs back to convents and cloisters, nuns and friars, "black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery;" you expect to be impaled, or suffer "blessed martyrdom," for spitting in a puddle which turns out to be a holy-water font. Ghent is less uniform in its appearance—everywhere there is some reality of yesterday that breaks in upon the imagination; but at Antwerp, unless you seek for it, there is not a house, a street, or a stone that is not mellowed down with past centuries, or does not recall the age when its citizens rivalled princes in the splendour of their habitations and feasting, and exceeded them in wealth.

But all this, though abundantly satisfactory to ourselves, as recalling pleasant times, is rather beside the question: it is our business to review a tour, and not to write one, to give examples of how the writer treats his subject, and not how *we* should have treated it. With a consciousness of this, we had marked several passages for extract, but the sudden arrival of the Garrick Letters compels us to defer them until next week.

The Club-book: being original Tales, &c.; by various Authors. Edited by the Author of 'The Dominie's Legacy.' 3 vols. 8vo.
(Second Notice.)

In our former early and exclusive notice of these pleasant volumes, we promised to make some further selections from them, and 'The Fatal Whisper,' by Mr. Galt, a clever, well-told tale, abounding in natural incident, shall be the first.

A transport, on board of which is an English officer, on his return from the Egyptian expedition, puts into Malta for repairs. The officers and others of the garrison dine together; and one of the party, a traveller just arrived from England, incidentally mentions that he left there in consequence of an intrigue, which had been discovered by the landlady of an inn on the Bath road; and, though he had bought her silence, he thought it better to retreat for a few months. On the officer's return to his lodgings he found letters from his wife and a bundle of newspapers. His wife had been for some time unwell, and advised to try the Bath waters; but it had happened that his mother was taken dangerously ill, and the wife was obliged to return hastily to London, when, after waiting some time, she was advised again to return to Bath.

"As the letter was written with her wonted tenderness and spirit, I could not but admire the ardour of that filial affection, which was so like the earnestness of her love for myself; but when I was about to take up one of the newspapers—it strangely, suddenly, and fearfully flashed across my mind, that there was something extraordinary in that journey. In a word, I was wounded with a pang of jealousy, and

shook for a time like the aspen. And yet my heart acknowledged that never was a woman more simple in all her ways than Maria—more pure in heart and spirit—more enthusiastic in her affections. * * *

"I soon after again grew more rational, and calmly opened the paper.

"For some time nothing interesting attracted my notice, but among the gossiping paragraphs I discovered two lines evidently inserted by authority, for there was a tint of satire in them praising the filial devotion of the lady of a gallant officer then with the army in Egypt, and how, though herself an invalid, she had made a journey to London to comfort his aged mother, who was less in need of consolation than herself.

"This sentence was as a shower of bullets in my bosom. The paroxysm of jealousy returned, barbed with a hateful possibility. But I may spare you and myself the description of an agony which language can never express. That too, however, after a time, also subsided. I again had recourse to another number of the newspaper, and in it there was a dignified answer to the slander implied in the wording and markings of the paragraph that had so disturbed me.

"But it failed to soothe, for the gentleman had described the craft of his paramour.

"This made my case worse—no adequate idea can be given of my thoughts that night. I retired to my own chamber—I wept, I vowed the harshest revenge. But what could I do—what proof had I to charge my rival with having dishonoured my family? Him I could not even address. The night was spent in a whirlwind, and I could bring myself to no determination."

The next morning the officer breathed all his dreadful suspicions into the ear of a friend, a Father Anselmo; and soon after there is a fine and natural scene between that old man and the stranger, who comes accidentally to see the works of art that adorn the altars and walls of the convent. Even Father Anselmo is obliged to admit that there is strong grounds for suspicion. We shall now allow the narrator to tell his own fearful story:—

"Two days after, I left my fellow passengers, and returned to England by the same packet that had brought out the destroyer of my peace. Immediately on my arrival at Falmouth, I set off for the inn where the iniquity had taken place.

"Having been then for several years absent from England, I affected a curiosity respecting the domestic occurrences of the kingdom which was not felt, and perceiving that there was no bustle in the house, on pretence of conversing with the landlady on these topics, I begged her to make tea for me. In the course of her doing so, my conversation was wild and desultory, and several times I observed her suddenly gaze at me. Gradually I brought the various subjects I had affected to speak of to a point, and then I earnestly told her, and with considerable emotion, that I had some cause for jealousy, and that she must excuse the distraction of mind with which she saw me agitated.

"Having thus interested her feelings, I then turned the conversation with all my ingenuity on the time, and finally the place of guilt, relating several circumstances which the stranger, Sir Mandeville Webster, had mentioned concerning the discovery, and in which she had borne a part, even to the sum by which he had purchased her silence. Her emotion increasing to amazement and alarm, convinced me that he had told no untrue tale, but still she only affected to grieve in sympathy for my distress. I was, however, satisfied with the testimony of my witness, and as to have offered her money for a more circumstantial disclosure would have been improper, I abruptly quitted her and proceeded directly to London. The expiring em-

bers of affection for Maria prevented me from disclosing my name, feebly hoping that some explicable mistake might possibly yet be discovered.

"My reception by Maria was with all the flutter and fondness of pure and fervent affection. Oh, Heavens! but her blandishments were as the foldings of a serpent—my anguish more dreadful than the agonies of Laocoon!—but I stifled my disgust. She spoke of her children with the admiration of a mother. She brought them to me with delight, but I discerned that she once or twice looked at me with a strange speculation in her eyes. In all, save in those disastrous glances, she was what she had ever been, but my heart, though not altogether alienated, was perplexed, and its throbs were as the stings of scorpions.

"Craft and cunning were never so perfectly performed as on that fatal morning. It was impossible to look upon her with suspicion. Innocence was in all her gestures; but once I saw her hastily turn her head to conceal a sudden gush of tears. After this, could I doubt? I flung my love to the winds.

"A brief embarrassed pause took place for a moment; without saying a word, I ordered the nursery-maid to convey the children to their grandmother, and then sternly remained in silence till they were gone. Maria sat pale and amazed; she asked no question—perhaps was unable. She saw the children depart without emotion and without caress. Never was detected guilt so visibly confounded.

"When the carriage with the children and the servant had left the house, I then said, with a stern voice, but my heart wept blood from every pore, 'Madam, answer me a few questions.'

"She made no reply, but I continued—

"When did you become acquainted with Sir Mandeville Webster?"

"She made no reply.

"Was it in your journey between Bath and London?"

"She made no reply.

"Answer me, unhappy woman; I would, for your own sake, spare you from the tongues of the world,—answer me!—and in saying these words, I rose; she, at the same time, also started up, and extending her arms in frenzy, burst into a wild, demoniac fit of mirthless laughter, so shrill, so hideous, so unlike all human sound, that I shudder with horror as I think of it. Then suddenly pausing, she looked solemnly at me for a moment, and dropped senseless on the floor.

"Humanity, and some feeling of withered tenderness would not allow me to leave her till her maid, with the assistance of the other women, had recalled her senses. But as soon as I observed the dawn of returning reason, I left the house, and proceeded to her father's, where I found his lordship at home, in his library alone. I hastened into his presence, but as I entered the room, my feelings overcame me, and I threw myself on his shoulder, unable to speak."

The father himself is staggered by the circumstances now told him. He determines to visit his daughter, but it appears she left her home immediately on the departure of her husband. It is then resolved that the husband and father shall proceed together to the inn, and investigate the truth of the charges by the most searching inquiry.

They reach there early in the evening, and "in passing to a parlour, we met Maria!—I had before this received proof enough, but the sight of her there crowned the evidence—Why had she come to that house? I had not mentioned anything to her of my having been there. By what miraculous accident had she come, and for what other purpose than to deal with the bribed landlady? rushed in frenzy on my mind.

"Before I had time to make any remark

Maria pulled the bell, and requested the presence of the landlady, and on her entrance demanded with a steady voice if she was the Mistress Osprey of whom she had spoken to me.

"The good woman, before answering, looked confused, and then said, hesitatingly, that she was not, and I exclaimed with indignation—

"These tricks, Maria, will serve you no longer. How came you here?—by what instinct have you thought of this house? How much was your bribe?—Sir Mandeville Webster's was a hundred guineas."

"Maria made no answer, she only looked at me, but the landlady started at the name of Sir Mandeville, and I turned to Lord Baronisdale.

"It would not be expensive," said I, "to get any evidence desired from this woman."

"You are right," said his lordship, with a sigh, and covered his face with his handkerchief, exclaiming with great fervour, 'Oh, Maria, to what devil have you sold yourself?—to look so innocent—to be so plausible!—and—'

"You are not satisfied?" was her reply. 'Let Osprey take the woman in his chaise and proceed with her to Bath; and, my Lord, till I am proved guilty, give me your protection; I will go with you.'

"The energy with which this was said, strengthened the impression which so many circumstances had made. It was unlike the gentle and retiring Maria to show herself so decisive.

"The journey to Bath was arranged as she proposed; the landlady at first made some scruple, but it was stifled by the words 'you must,' from Maria.

"We travelled all night, but slowly, as it was desired, or rather ordered, by Maria, that we should not reach Bath till an advanced hour in the morning, and that no opportunity should be afforded for her to have any further communication with the landlady. I was spell-bound—I could not divine her intent—but she appeared animated by some extraordinary purpose, and she never once appeared to notice me.

"When we reached Bath, instead of proceeding to any hotel, she directed the chaise to a particular house in Pultney Street, and ours to follow. On reaching the door, the instant that it was opened, she directed her father to come in with her, and the landlady and I to follow. She then, with the same apparent equanimity, ordered the servant to bid Lady Heatherstone, his mistress, come to her for a single moment—we were still standing when the lady entered.

"The landlady, on seeing her ladyship, started and turning suddenly to me, before any other could utter a word, said, with an agitated voice, 'This is the Mistress Osprey.'

"The lady instantly turned pale, and gazing at the landlady, whom she at once recognized, said—

"You mistake, I am Lady Heatherstone."

"Oh, why did you add the guilt of falsehood to your sin!" cried the contrite landlady; "you told me yourself your name, on the vile morning of that night when you and this other lady stopped at our house."

"Lady Heatherstone rejoined—'You are in some mistake; but what does this mean?—why, ladies and gentlemen, are you here, and what is the object of these questions?'

"Lord Baronisdale said nothing, but, with his mouth pursed, seemed waiting some result.

"Madam, after a momentary pause, said I, 'when I last saw your friend, Sir Mandeville Webster—'

"Oh, Webster! do you know him?" was her exclamation of astonishment, and she flung herself on a sofa, and covered her face with her hands.

"I rushed towards Maria to catch her in my embrace, but her spirit was gone—I had only her corpse in my arms."

We regret that we have been obliged to omit many clever scenes, that we might compress as much of the story as possible into our narrow columns. Next week we shall give the very admirable sketch of the character of Gowden Gibbie, from Mr. Allan Cunningham's tale of that name.

The Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. By Thomas Moore.

[Second Notice.]

OUR Political readers, if we have any such, may have been a little startled at our honest, straightforward apology for this unfortunate young nobleman, in our last week's notice of these delightful volumes. It is not often that we indulge our feelings in the expression of any sentiments upon such subjects; and as we are sure the extracted letters alone would win over to our side all mothers, wives, and daughters, we shall be content to excuse a little angry male difference. Let those who were opposed to the politician, now think only of the virtues of the man—of what he risked, and what he sacrificed, for what he believed to be the good of his country;—let them think of him only as the best of sons, of husbands, of fathers, and of brothers; and if they desire to test his character by these home virtues, let them read the letters in these volumes, and then judge him as he judged others:—"I begin," he says, in a letter addressed to his mother in 1792, "to feel a little for the emigrants, though I am sure they deserve none; but they have so completely ruined their cause, that I believe they will lose everything. Some, I am sure, thought they were acting right and honourably: and these, though one is surprised and angry at their errors, one cannot help pitying."

Soon after his return from America, Lord Edward went to Paris, and there married the amiable daughter of the sanctified Madame de Genlis—a natural daughter by the Duke of Orleans—an event that the canting old hypocrite is pleased thus to describe:—

"Au milieu de tant d'infortunes et d'injustices, le ciel voulut récompenser par cet heureux événement la meilleure action de ma vie, celle d'avoir protégé l'innocence sans appui, d'avoir élevé, adopté l'enfant incomparable que la Providence jetoit dans mes bras, enfin d'avoir développé son esprit, sa raison, et les vertus qui la rendent aujourd'hui le modèle des épouses et des mères de son âge."†

At Paris, as it has been said, Lord Edward "fraternized with the republicans," and was, in consequence, dismissed from the army. On his return and settlement in Dublin, Mr. Moore gives a brief but able historical sketch of the political situation of Ireland, and of the feelings of the people at the time. Of course Lord Edward, as was to be expected, took an active part in politics; but, in the midst of its angry feelings, he still preserved his young affections in their purity and goodness—and, in proof, we must extract the following:—

Frederici, May 6, 1793.

"Dearest Mother—Wife and I are come to settle here. We came last night, got up to a delightful spring day, and are now enjoying the little book-room, with the windows open, hearing the birds sing, and the place looking beautiful. The plants in the passage are just watered; and, with the passage door open, the room

† "Précis de la conduite de Madame de Genlis depuis la Révolution."

smells like a green-house. Pamela has dressed four beautiful flower-pots, and is now working at her frame, while I write to my dearest mother; and upon the two little stands there are six pots of fine auriculas, and I am sitting in the bay window, with all those pleasant feelings which the fine weather, the pretty place, the singing birds, the pretty wife, and Frederici gives me,—with your last dear letter to my wife before me:—so you may judge how I love you at this moment. Yes, dearest mother, I am delighted at the Malvern party, and am determined to meet you there, or wherever you are. I dote on being with you anywhere, but particularly in the country, as I think we always enjoy one another's company there more than in town. I long for a little walk with you, leaning on me,—or to have a long talk with you, sitting out in some pretty spot, of a fine day, with your long cane in your hand, working at some little weed at your feet, and looking down, talking all the time. I won't go on in this way, for I should want to set out directly, and that cannot be, so I shall give you some account of what we have been doing." i. 226—8.

What, too, can be more full of deep and painful interest than the following, when we remember the sad fate of the writer?—

"I have been at Kildare since Pam's lying-in, and it looked delightful, though all the leaves were off the trees,—but so comfortable and snug. I think I shall pass a delightful winter there. I have got two fine large clumps of turf, which look both comfortable and pretty. I have paled in my little flower-garden before my hall door, with a lath paling, like the cottage, and stuck it full of roses, sweetbrier, honeysuckles, and Spanish broom. I have got all my beds ready for my flowers; so you may guess how I long to be down to plant them. The little fellow will be a great addition to the party. I think when I am down there with Pam and child, of a blustering evening, with a good turf fire, and a pleasant book,—coming in after seeing my poultry put up, my garden settled,—flower-beds and plants covered, for fear of frost,—the place looking comfortable, and taken care of, I shall be as happy as possible; and sure I am I shall regret nothing but not being nearer my dearest mother, and her not being of our party." i. 253-4.

But strong political feelings begin to develop themselves in these delightful letters, though often only in casual hints and opinions. The reader will recollect Lord Edward's conduct on a former occasion, when the Duke of Leinster joined the Castle party; the following will be proof that political principles were becoming more deeply rooted every hour. The letter is dated 1794.

"I hear there is a talk of a change here in the ministry; but I do not know anything for certain. Leinster comes here to-day, he will perhaps know something. It is said Ponsonby is to come in, and that there is to be a total removal of all the old set, with an offer to all the Opposition. When I see Leinster, I shall soon find how the wind sets in his quarter. I trust, though, that he will be stout, and have nothing to say to any of them. I know if he goes over, I shall not go with him; for my obstinacy or perseverance grows stronger every day, and all the events that have passed, and are passing, but convince me more and more, that these two countries must see very strong changes, and cannot come to good, unless they do." i. 245-6.

It was not, however, until 1796 that Lord Edward entered into the Society of United Irishmen; and he must have done so fully aware of the possible and probable consequences. Opposed as parties then were—resolved as were the reformers, and unyielding

as was the government—there was the certainty of early collision; and he had not long become a member before he joined Arthur O'Connor on a special mission to the French Directory. He proceeded first to Hamburg, and thence to Basle, where the negotiation was carried on. On his return he had, by strange accident, as a travelling companion, during the greater part of his journey, "a foreign lady who had been once the mistress of an old friend and official colleague of Mr. Pitt, and who was still in the habit of corresponding with her former protector. Wholly ignorant of these circumstances, Lord Edward, with the habitual frankness of his nature, not only expressed freely his opinions on all political subjects, but afforded some clues, it is said, to the secret of his present journey, which his fellow-traveller was, of course, not slow in transmitting to her official friend."

The result of the negotiation was the famous Bantry Bay expedition—an expedition which fortunately failed even to effect a landing; and the government were saved by a series of strange and adverse accidents, rather than by any wise provision on their own part. The leaders of the United Irishmen were not, however, to be deterred by ill-fortune. But, says Mr. Moore,—

"Towards the close of 1797, the fervour of the insurrectionary spirit had, in the great seat of its strength, the North, visibly abated; * * * the objections and obstacles raised by most of the Dublin leaders,—from a conviction, as they themselves state, that, without French aid, such an attempt would be unavailable,—first caused that discordance of views between the Ulster and Leinster delegates, which continued from thenceforth to embarrass the counsels of the conspiracy, and, at last, contributed to its failure.

"Notwithstanding the dissent, however, of their Dublin brethren, some of the more sanguine leaders of the North still persisted in their endeavours to force a general rising, and Lowry, Teeling, and others proceeded to Dublin to concert measures for that purpose. A plan of insurrection,—in drawing up which, it is said, some Irish officers, who had been in the Austrian service, assisted,—had already been agreed upon; and, what was far more important, some of the regiments then on duty in Dublin having received intimation of the intended design, a deputation of sergeants from the Clare, Kilkenny, and Kildare militias waited upon the Provincial Committee of Dublin with an offer to seize, in the name of the Union, the Royal Barrack and the Castle, without requiring the aid or presence of a single citizen.

"This proposal was immediately laid before the Executive; and Lord Edward most strenuously urged, as might be expected, their acceptance of it. But, after a long and anxious discussion, their decision was to decline the offer, as involving a risk which the present state of their preparations would not justify them, they thought, in encountering." ii. 1—3.

"It is, indeed, not the least singular feature of this singular piece of history, that, with a government strongly intrenched both in power and will, resolved to crush its opponents, and not scrupulous as to the means, there should now have elapsed two whole years of all but open rebellion, under their very eyes, without their being able, either by force or money, to obtain sufficient information to place a single one of the many chiefs of the confederacy in their power. Even now, so far from their vigilance being instrumental in the discovery, it was but to the mere accidental circumstance of a worthless member of the conspiracy being pressed for

a sum of money to discharge some debts that the government was indebted for the treachery that, at once, laid the whole plot at their feet,—delivered up to them at one seizure, almost all its leaders, and thus disorganizing, by rendering it headless, the entire body of the Union, was the means, it is not too much to say, of saving the country to Great Britain." ii. 12-13.

Lord Edward, after this betrayal, was obliged to conceal himself, and he long eluded pursuit. Of the events of this period Mr. Moore has been fortunate enough to obtain a very full and interesting account—being a Diary kept by Lady Sarah Napier, a high-spirited woman, the worthy mother of a worthy son, Colonel Napier—and full of interesting anecdotes, both of her noble relative and of passing events. Lord Edward, it appears, was concealed at the house of a widow lady on the banks of the canal, who consented, at all personal hazards, to afford him shelter: but before he removed there, he determined to see Lady Edward and his children:—

"Her ladyship had, immediately on the disappearance of Lord Edward, removed from the Duke of Leinster's to a house in Denzel-street, taking with her an attached female servant, and her husband's favourite, Tony. The two latter believed,—as did most people,—that their master had fled to France, and it was therefore with no small surprise that the maid-servant (as she herself told the person from whom I heard the anecdote) saw, on going into her lady's room late in the evening, his Lordship and Lady Edward sitting together by the light of the fire. The youngest child had, at his desire, been brought down out of its bed for him to see it, and both he and Lady Edward were, as the maid thought, in tears." ii. 52.

The name Lord Edward went by in his place of concealment was Jameson: but he had not been more than two days in the house "when one of those slight accidents, which seem to defy all caution, made the secret known to the whole family. A pair of his boots having been left outside his door to be cleaned, the man-servant to whom they had been given for this purpose told his mistress afterwards that he knew 'who the gentleman up stairs was;—but that she need not fear, for he would die to save him.' He then showed her Lord Edward's name written, at full length, in one of the boots."

Here Lord Edward remained for more than a month. There were great facilities offered for his escape—it is believed the government itself rather desired it—but no entreaty could prevail on him to take advantage of them; his answer to Mr. Ogilvie, who had hurried over to befriend him, was, "It is out of the question: I am too deeply pledged to those men to be able to withdraw with honour." As circumstances occurred to awaken suspicion, he changed his place of concealment.

Frequent meetings now took place among the conspirators, and it was finally determined that a general rising should take place before the end of the month, and active preparations were made. The hair-breadth escapes at this time were often extraordinary:

"A night or two after his leaving Mrs. * * *, it appears that he rode, attended only by Neilson, to reconnoitre the line of advance, on the Kildare side, to Dublin,—the route marked out on one of the papers found upon him when arrested,—and it was on this occasion that he was, for some time, stopped and questioned, by the patrol at Palmerston. Being well disguised,

however, and representing himself to be a doctor on his way to a dying patient, his companion and he were suffered to proceed on their way."

On another occasion—

"The active Town-Major, Sirr, had received information that a party of persons, supposed to be Lord Edward Fitzgerald's body-guard, would be on their way from Thomas-street to Usher's Island at a certain hour that night. Accordingly, taking with him a sufficient number of assistants for his purpose, and accompanied also by Messrs. Ryan and Emerson, Major Sirr proceeded, at the proper time, to the quarter pointed out, and there being two different ways, (either Watling-street, or Dirty-lane,) by which the expected party might come, divided his force so as to intercept them by either road.

"A similar plan having happened to be adopted by Lord Edward's escort, there took place, in each of these two streets, a conflict between the parties; and Major Sirr, who had almost alone to bear the brunt in his quarter, was near losing his life. * * * But, their chief object being Lord Edward's safety, after snapping a pistol or two at Sirr, they hurried away. On rejoining his friends, in the other street, the Town-Major found that they had succeeded in capturing one of their opponents, and this prisoner, who represented himself as a manufacturer of muslin from Scotland, and whose skillfully assumed ignorance of Irish affairs induced them, a day or two after, to discharge as innocent, proved to have been no other than the famous McCabe, Lord Edward's confidential agent, and one of the most active organizers in the whole confederacy." ii. 81—83.

Lord Edward was staying with a Mr. Murphy when his apprehension took place. Shortly after dinner his Lordship retired to his bed-room, and, on Mr. Murphy going there, he found him lying on the bed without his coat:—

"Mr. Murphy had but just begun to ask his host whether he would like some tea, when, hearing a trampling on the stairs, he turned round, and saw Major Swan enter the room. Scarcely had this officer time to mention the object of his visit, when Lord Edward jumped up, as Murphy describes him, 'like a tiger,' from the bed, on seeing which, Swan fired a small pocket-pistol at him, but without effect. * * * Almost at the same instant, Lord Edward struck at Swan with a dagger, which, it now appeared, he had had in the bed with him; and, immediately after, Ryan, armed only with a sword-cane, entered the room.

"In the meantime, Major Sirr, who had stopped below to place the pickets round the house, hearing the report of Swan's pistol, hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw, within the room, Lord Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan, the latter down on the floor, weltering in his blood, and both clinging to their powerful adversary, who was now dragging them towards the door. Threatened, as he was, with a fate similar to that of his companions, Sirr had no alternative but to fire, and, aiming his pistol deliberately, he lodged the contents in Lord Edward's right arm, near the shoulder. The wound for a moment staggered him; but, as he again rallied, and was pushing towards the door, Major Sirr called up the soldiers; and so desperate were their captive's struggles, that they found it necessary to lay their firelocks across him, before he could be disarmed or bound so as to prevent further mischief.

"It was during one of these instinctive efforts of courage that the opportunity was, as I understand, taken by a wretched drummer to give him a wound in the back of the neck, which, though slight, yet, from its position, contributed not a

little to aggravate the uneasiness of his last hours." i. 87-9.

After a surgeon had examined the wounds of all parties, Lord Edward was removed to the Castle, and subsequently to Newgate.

"Of the melancholy close of Lord Edward's days," says Mr. Moore, "I am enabled to lay before my readers the minutest details, through the medium of a correspondence which took place immediately on his apprehension, between some of his nearest relatives and friends,—a correspondence as affecting as it has ever fallen to the lot of the biographer to put on record. It would be difficult, indeed, to find a family more affectionately attached to each other than that of which his lordship had been always the most beloved member; and it is only in language direct from such hearts, at the very moment of suffering, that dismay and sorrow such as now fell upon them could be at all adequately conveyed." ii. 93.

The correspondence is, indeed, deeply affecting. By an extravagance of precaution, of which it is utterly impossible to comprehend the meaning and motive, Lady Edward was ordered immediately to leave Ireland; and Lord Henry Fitzgerald, who had hurried over, was to the last moment and until his brother was actually dying, refused permission to see him. Of that interview we have a heart-breaking account in a letter from Lady Louisa Conolly:—

"Dublin, June 4th, 1798.

"My Dear Mr. Ogilvie,—At two o'clock this morning, our beloved Edward was at peace: and, as the tender and watchful mercy of God is ever over the afflicted, we have reason to suppose this dissolution took place at the moment that it was fittest it should do so. On Friday night, a very great lowness came on, that made those about him consider him much in danger. On Saturday, he seemed to have recovered the attack, but on that night was again attacked with spasms, that subsided again yesterday morning. But, in the course of the day, Mrs. Pakenham (from whom I had my constant accounts) thought it best to send an express for me. I came to town, and got leave to go, with my poor dear Henry, to see him.

"Thanks to the great God! our visit was timed to the moment that the wretched situation allowed of. His mind had been agitated for two days, and the feeling was enough gone, not to be overcome by the sight of his brother and me. We had the consolation of seeing and feeling that it was a pleasure to him. I first approached his bed: he looked at me, knew me, kissed me, and said (what will never depart from my ears), 'It is heaven to me to see you!' and, shortly after, turning to the other side of his bed, he said, 'I can't see you.' I went round, and he soon after kissed my hand, and smiled at me, which I shall never forget, though I saw death in his dear face at the time. I then told him that Henry was come. He said nothing that marked surprise at his being in Ireland, but expressed joy at hearing it, and said, 'Where is he, dear fellow?'

"Henry then took my place, and the two dear brothers frequently embraced each other, to the melting of a heart of stone; and yet God enabled both Henry and myself to remain quite composed. As every one left the room, we told him we only were with him. He said, 'That is very pleasant.' However, he remained silent, and I then brought in the subject of Lady Edward, and told him that I had not left her until I saw her on board; and Henry told him of having met her on the road well. He said, 'And the children too?—She is a charming woman:—' and then became silent again. That expression about Lady Edward proved to me, that his senses were much lulled, and that he did not feel his situation to

be what it was; but, thank God! they were enough alive to receive pleasure from seeing his brother and me. Dear Henry, in particular, he looked at continually with an expression of pleasure.

"When we left him, we told him, that as he appeared inclined to sleep, we would wish him a good night, and return in the morning. He said, 'Do, do;—' but did not express any uneasiness at our leaving him. We accordingly tore ourselves away, and very shortly after Mr. Garnet (the surgeon that attended him for the two days, upon the departure of Mr. Stone, the officer that had been constantly with him) sent me word that the last convulsions soon came on, and ended at two o'clock, so that we were within two hours and a half before the sad close to a life we prized so dearly. He sometimes said, 'I knew it must come to this, and we must all go;—' and then rambled a little about militia and numbers; but upon my saying to him, 'It agitates you to talk upon those subjects,' he said, 'Well, I won't.'

"I hear that he frequently composed his dear mind with prayer,—was vastly devout, and, as late as yesterday evening, got Mr. Garnet, the surgeon, to read in the Bible the death of Christ, the subject picked out by himself, and seemed much composed by it. In short, my dear Mr. Ogilvie, we have every reason to think that his mind was made up to his situation, and can look to his present happy state with thanks for his release. Such a heart and such a mind may meet his God! The friends that he was entangled with pushed his destruction forward, screening themselves behind his valuable character. God bless you! The ship is just sailing, and Henry puts this into the post at Holyhead.

"Ever yours,
"L. C."

The volumes close with a masterly sketch of the character of Lord Edward; but, after the abundant extracts we have given, we must deny ourselves the pleasure of introducing it. The work is one of the most interesting we ever read; and its publication will do immense service to the nobility, whom the world generally are accustomed to look on in a false and artificial light: here they shine forth in all the glory of our common nature—examples as parents, children, brothers, husbands, wives, and friends. A dozen such volumes would corrupt the virtue of a republic!

London Bridge, from its Original Formation of Wood to the Present Time, with a Particular Account of the Progress and Completion of the New London Bridge. By J. Elmes, Esq. M.R.I.A., Surveyor of the Port of London. Wood & Son.

This is a well-timed, serviceable little work, embellished with a neatly-engraved view of the new bridge. We shall condense such particulars as are likely, we think, not only to have a present but a permanent interest.

There is reason to believe that the earliest bridge ever built over the Thames was constructed of wood between the years 993 and 1016, and was situated a little to the eastward of what is now called old London Bridge. This bridge was much injured by fire in 1136, and was rebuilt in 1163. In 1209 the present old stone bridge was built; but it must be remembered that it has been often and greatly altered.

The Act for building the new bridge received the royal assent on the 4th of July, 1823. The first pile was driven on the 15th of March, 1824—the first stone was laid on

the 15th of June, 1825, and it was opened to the public on Monday last, the 1st of August, 1831. The design was given by Mr. Rennie, and the work executed under his and his son's direction by Messrs. Jolliffe and Banks, the contractors. The original amount of the contract was 426,000*l.* and 30,000*l.* for necessary alterations and repairs to the old bridge. This was afterwards increased to 506,000*l.* by the addition of 8000*l.* for additional centering, and of 42,000*l.* granted by the Lords of the Treasury in 1825 for making the bridge six feet wider, namely, two feet in the road-way, and two feet in each foot-path.

"The elevation of the bridge consists of five very beautifully-formed elliptical arches, the central one of which is one hundred and fifty-two feet in span (the largest elliptical stone arch in existence), and twenty-nine feet six inches in height. The piers on each side of this magnificent granite arch are twenty-four feet in width. The arches on each side of the centre arch are one hundred and forty feet span, and twenty-seven feet six inches rise. The piers between these and the land arches are twenty-two feet each. The extreme arches nearest to the shores are one hundred and thirty feet each, and twenty-four feet six inches rise. The abutments of the bridge are seventy-three feet each at the base.

"These five arches are separated by plain granite piers, with massive plinths and pointed cutwaters; they are covered by a bold projecting block cornice, which describes the sweep of the roadway, and are surmounted by a plain double blocking course, receding in two heights like the scamilli of the ancients. * * At each extremity and on both sides of the new bridge, are two straight flights of stairs twenty-two feet wide, leading to and from the water.

"The total width of the water-way is six hundred and ninety-two feet; length of the bridge, including the abutments, nine hundred and twenty-eight feet; length within the abutments seven hundred and eighty-two feet; width of the bridge from outside to outside of the parapet fifty-six feet; width of the carriage-way thirty-six feet, and of each footpath nine feet; and the total height of the bridge, on the eastern side, above low water mark, fifty-five feet.

"The foundations of the piers are formed of piles, which are chiefly of beech wood, pointed with iron, and driven from the interior of the coffer-dams to a depth of nearly twenty feet into the stiff blue clay that forms the bed of the river. On the heads of these piles are laid two rows of horizontal sleepers about twelve inches square, which are covered with beech planking six inches thick, on which is constructed the lowermost course of masonry.

"The exterior is of three sorts of granite. The eastern side is faced with purple Aberdeen granite, the western with the light grey Devonshire Heytor, and the voussiors or arch-stones of both, united with the red brown granite of Peterhead. The fillings in of the piers, spandrels, roadway, &c., are of the hard Bramley Fall, Derby, and Whitley stone.

"These materials were roughly shaped at the quarries, and after being carefully wrought in a large field at Mill Wall, Poplar, were finally dressed and accurately fitted to their places at the bridge.

"The outline of the surface of the new bridge, as proposed in the original design of the late Mr. Rennie, was a very flat segment of a circle, which has been rendered still more flat by an increase in the height of the arches near the shores, the present rise not being more than seven feet."

Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. 2 vols. 48vo. London, 1831. Pickering.

WHEN Gulliver visited the island of the Necromancers, he had the curiosity to summon before him Homer and all his commentators. The venerable bard appeared encircled by a multitude of countless nations and languages, but he sternly rejected the acquaintance of the entire herd. He knew that he had but one worthy commentator, Nature. The student who reads the Iliad on "the lonely hill that commands a wide prospect over the deep," will find countless beauties which would escape his notice in the crowded cities and amid the busy haunts of men. To the admirer of Homer—that is, to everybody who can read his works, we strenuously recommend this beautiful edition; it will fit in his waistcoat pocket, without taking up more room than a moderate-sized snuff-box; the type, though small, is perfectly distinct; and, with such a companion in his rambles, the student will find new enjoyments in nature, for he will have as a companion the high priest of her temple, the first revealer of her mysterious loveliness.

STANDARD NOVELS.—*St. Leon.* Colburn & Bentley.

NOVELIST'S LIBRARY.—*Roderick Random.* Cochrane & Co.

If these works do not succeed, and eminently, it is of no use catering honestly for the public. They are among the very best and cheapest ever issued from the press.

THE NAMELESS BOOK, AND THE NAMELESS PUBLISHER.

A sort of circular note was lately left at our private residence recommending all families to read a work which explained how a well-known dancing-master therein-named "qualified young ladies for high life." Suspecting the nature of the work, we directed application to be made for it to the old dealer in iniquity, and found, as supposed, that he was the publisher. The book is stupid beyond belief—but as it is offensive also, we think it well to say thus much, and no more.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

[A long and highly interesting letter from a friend on a visit at Abbotsford will appear next week. In the meantime we have great pleasure in assuring the public, that Sir Walter is well able to entertain his friends and enjoy their company.]

THE POPE CONTROVERSY.

[Mr. Bowles is of opinion that we did him injustice in our review of Pickering's 'Pope.' His letter well explains the subject, and needs no comment. We ought, perhaps, to express some sorrow; but, in truth, he has so kindly spoken of us, that we cannot affect to regret any circumstance that gave rise to his letter.]

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

Bremhill, July 27, 1831.

SIR,—Happening, a few days ago, to call on my neighbour, Mr. Thomas Moore, I accidentally took up a number of your able and interesting periodical, in which my name occurred. It was dated Saturday, July 9, article—'Pickering's Pope.' I beg to return you my best thanks for the manner in which some poems of mine are spoken of, and the kindness of the expressions: at the same time, after a long controversy, purely defensive on my part, with distinguished and illustrious opponents, I feel I should not be doing myself justice, if, whilst I warmly assent to every word of the criticism on Pope, I did not say the editor, or writer, has done me, inadvertently, some injustice. Never did the thought enter into my head—and I am unwilling

it should be so recorded, in an able Review—that "from the unadulterated song of the muse, whatever was of man's work or invention was to be excluded." My criticism is extant. It was simply that "Images from sublime objects in nature are more adapted to the higher orders of poetry, than images from art; 2nd, that passions are more adapted to the higher order of poetry than transitory manners; 3rd, that those works of art, which are most adapted to poetry, are such as are connected with nature by moral associations, as, the pyramids—a ship on the seas, connected with winds and waves, and thus receiving beauty from itself and its accompaniments; 4th, that all inventions and works of art become more or less adapted to poetry, as they connect themselves with immediate human passions—such as 'the spirit-stirring drum'—'the ear-piercing fife,' &c.

One would think that propositions so simple could not have been misunderstood. I know not where is the critic who could deny one of them. Therefore the propositions must be altered, and then an attack commenced.

Now, Sir, I am willing to say—though the question has been "vexata" enough—I was not a party to "any quarrel on Parnassus." I was attacked by some proud, some virulent, some weak, as to knowledge of criticism, and some clever poets; but all, and every one writing beside the matter; and in attack, I must have replied, or have tamely succumbed to the imputation of being a greater fool than I admit myself to be! Byron must have been conscious that he was wrong; but I have no wish to say one word farther on a critical dispute which no one more laments than myself; in which I was unjustly attacked by no mean adversaries; in which I defended myself, *Marte meo*, alone and unflinching;—which being ended, I was the first—when my opponents were dead—to sigh over the immature grave of Byron, as I shall be ready to pay every respect to the tomb of the honoured and aged Roscoe;—of him I should never have said one disrespectful word, had he not inserted, in his edition of Pope, much of the ravings of the brutal and furious Gilchrist!

Of course you will do what you please with this hasty communication, and, begging pardon for the intrusion,

I remain, &c.

W. L. BOWLES.

READING THE STARS.

Suggested by Mr. Boxall's picture of 'The Maiden Astrologer.'

BY MISS JEWSBURY.

Stars!—since through Eden's cedar boughs

Ye looked with steadfast eyes;—

And since from Shinah idol-vows

Arose in sacrifice;—

How much of human love and pining,

Hath mingled with your tranquil shining!

Stars!—on your canopy of state,

The midnight sky serene,

How oft a passion and a fate

Have ye to mortals been!—

From him the first Chaldean seer,

To her who sitteth gazing here.

Deserts of air between ye strown,

When by keen SCIENCE viewed,

Far off, and many, and alone,

A golden multitude,—

Shining o'er this world drear and dim

A band of silent Seraphim.

Stars!—ever bright and placid stars,

Meek fires, resplendent dew!

How vain the dream that earthly jars

Have ministers in you!

Yet who e'er gazed, and long withstood

Such dreams of fancied brotherhood?

The dying warrior, on the field

His blood hath helped to gild,

Looks upward ere his breath he yield,

And feels his hope fulfilled;

In spirit mounts the victor's car,

And speaks in death of Glory's star.

And so the captive in his cell,

And so the mariner,

And shepherd piping in the dell,

And lonely traveller,

Look up to ye,—and ye to each,

Are soft-eyed Sibyls without speech.

And they the tried of many days,

The worn with grief and fears,

Who little on your beauty gaze,

Seen through a mist of tears;

Even they have spiritual dreams—for ye

To them are worlds of memory.

But the young gazer pictured here

Is fair as that she views;

Time hath not stained her forehead clear,

Nor dashed her spirit's dews;—

To her the stars are lambent flames

That 'grave in gold beloved names.

So let it be: and when the gleam

Of love-lit fancies fade,

Be hers the truth-ennobled dream,

No time can overshadow;

Be all that host one glittering sign

Of POWER ineffable—divine!

EPIGRAMS.

ON MISS F. A—T—N, OF THE K. T.

Fanny most justly may aspire

To sing amongst the heavenly quire,

In the blest realms of endless day,

When all of earth hath pass'd away;

When Time itself shall be no more:

—*Aye, then, indeed,—but not before.*

John's wife complains that "John discourses And thinks of nothing else but horses;"

Whilst John, a caustic wag,

Says, it is wonderful to see

How thoroughly their tastes agree,—

For, that his wife, as well as he,

Most dearly loves a K-nag.

Derby, 1831.

GENERAL REFLECTIONS ON THE PRESENT CONDITION OF SPAIN.—LETTER VI.

Madrid.

EXPERIENCE has not been thrown away upon the Spaniards, so much as many persons, who know them superficially, believe; and as others, who know them better, affect to believe. At the beginning of this century there was perhaps no people more indifferent to public affairs than the Spaniards; but they were roused by the shameless and barefaced immoralities of Godoy and the Queen, and the desperate blundering of Napoleon, who brought ruin on himself by his utter ignorance of the Spanish people. However, that they did rouse at last, will be admitted by all; and from 1808 up to the present moment they have been in perpetual commotion: they think and talk everlastingly about the state of the nation; and to make them tame, patient, enduring, indifferent subjects, is beyond the power of church and state combined. But it will be asked,—if they are a thinking people, how is it that they endure the present miserable misruling government?—would they not follow the example of France, if it were not that ignorance is much more powerful than knowledge in Spain? I answer, no. The struggle in Spain is not between ignorance and knowledge, but between public virtue and private interests,—combined, if you like, with ignorance; but ignorance is only an auxiliary. Who will pretend to say, that the Afrancesados, who have directed and supported despotism so successfully for the

last five years, are ignorant men? Who will say that the Archbishop of Toledo, the Bishop of Tortosa, and others, the champions of absolutism, are ignorant men? Does not the modern history of Spain prove, that, without their leading talent, (by the bye, they were at one time liberals,) this country would have been free long ago? Despotism reigns in Spain, because there are in the army numberless officers who have sold their principles and their party more than once, and are therefore doubly bound to the system, which, so long as it pays them, they will zealously uphold. Despotism reigns, because the private interest of so many influential men is inseparably interwoven with it: thousands see their ruin in the overthrow of the present government. They all know the advantages of a representative government, and would prefer it, were it but possible to secure their privileges and advantages under it; but they know that is impossible—their privileges are directly opposed to the welfare of the nation. Without their abolition all change would be a mockery; and no one now for a moment believes, as many did in 1820, that the form of government can be changed without the total abolition of those rights, privileges, and opposing interests. Yet it must be remembered, that in three centuries those vested rights have become so naturalized, that thousands of families would be seriously affected by their abolition. I will point out some of those to which I refer:—

1st. *Seigniorial rights*, from which a large part of the income of the higher nobles is derived. The greater part of these are so absurd, so repugnant to common sense, that it is very difficult, even under a despotic government, to make people respect them, and would be impossible under a representative government.

2ndly. *The Church*. There are in Spain sixty-one archbishops and bishops, and 4232 dignitaries and prebends. Here, alone, are 4293 influential men, with all their private connexions and families, who have a direct interest in upholding the present system.

3rdly. There are 2047 convents, with 60,250 friars. I do not mean to say that all these friars have an interest, or even a wish to uphold despotism; but the more influential of them assuredly have: and then what numberless families are, directly and indirectly, dependent on these convents, all of whom would be thrown upon unknown resources, and obliged to begin life anew, if they were suppressed!

4thly. *The Lawyers*. Though the law here affords as little protection as in Ireland, there are more lawyers, of one kind or another, than perhaps in France and England put together. They live and thrive on the iniquity and uncertainty of the law. Now, their chicanery, and quibbles, and special pleadings, and double-tongued arguments, would be valueless under any fixed and universal code of laws;—who then can wonder that these lawyers are opposed, like banded brothers, to all wholesome change?

5thly. *The Rights of Commonage*. These rights are enjoyed by the large farmers, to the wrong of the poor people—and they are unjust in themselves, and opposed to the general prosperity: their abolition would be an immense good; but it would be prospective, not present good; and men, Englishmen as little as Spaniards, are not yet sufficiently virtuous, to make these self-sacrifices willingly—to plough, harrow, and sow, that unborn generations may reap the harvest.

6thly. *The Proprietors of sheep*, and especially of the merinos, enjoy some privileges not only opposed to the general prosperity of the country, but to the essential rights of property. The abolition of these would undoubtedly be severely felt by the proprietors. Here, then, is another large body whose private interests are opposed to any effectual change in the government.

7thly. *Placemen*. These miserable dependents will always fight to the last ditch against liberty, because they fight for existence.

There are a thousand other private interests opposed to good government in Spain, but I have named enough; and the parties interested, wise by the experience of 1820, now know that private wrongs and public rights cannot co-exist.

If Spain now possessed America, and drew from it revenues as of old, Ferdinand's government would still be secure, because it would be enabled to go on without burdening the nation with taxes. But, situated as it is, it must either ruin the privileged classes by exactions, or fail to pay the army: the consequences of either are foreseen in a moment. As the army is its direct support, it must be maintained and kept in humour at all hazards; and the exactions are now most severe. You may read in the official Gazettes numberless decrees in favour of free trade; yet such is the desperate condition of the government, that to raise money they are become wholesale dealers in monopolies; they beat James the First, or old Frederick of Prussia, or the Viceroy of Egypt. They lately sold the exclusive right to export hides, to export cork, to distil a certain sort of brandy much drank here, and other even less important things. So, too, to enable the people to pay the taxes, they have lately taken measures to sell the commons—have attacked the seigniorial rights—and, in an indirect way, abridged the privileges of the merino proprietors. As to the church, with an income of one half they are compelled to pay three times as much as in 1808. An extensive law reform is proposed, which will ruin their interest in that quarter. In fact, a system, three centuries old, and founded on the resources drawn from America, is giving way for want of those resources; and the government, though supported only by that system, is now undermining and destroying it. The government is utterly bankrupt and beggared, and in its hungry necessities has no alternative. The result, therefore, must be, unless Ferdinand can raise a loan, that the old supporters of things as they are will have nothing to fear from change: they will be passive and indifferent: and then comes a revolution that will overthrow the whole artificial system at one fell swoop. I only pray it may be as bloodless as that of 1820; but no wise man can believe it will.

M. O.

PRIMA FACIE MISFORTUNES.

I am of opinion that this world might be greatly improved. My principal objection to it in its present state is, that it is neither entirely one thing, nor entirely another; it is neither quite miserable, nor invariably happy; it is neither—as the Aberdeen Professor said, when speaking of a beautiful and eccentric lady—it is neither “fush, fool, nor gude saut herrin.” If it were uniformly filled with miseries and misfortunes, there might be some rational cause for the appearance of an interesting despondence;—if, on the other hand, it were a scene of nothing but new and ever-varying pleasures, there might be some reason in my ungrateful rotundity—some sort of explanation of the unsentimental hilarity of my visage, which I have, on many occasions, endeavoured to render rueful and compassionate, without the remotest approach towards success. There is such an insufferable appearance of happiness and enjoyment in my whole countenance, that when I attempt to condole with my friends under misfortune, one glance at my features is quite enough. They immediately set me down as a selfish, unfeeling brute, rioting in an exuberance of felicity, and not caring one single straw for all the agonies they endure. Now, my countenance is a libel on my heart: I am the very reverse of Othello: I am greatly “used to the melting mood,” and cry bitterly on occasion,

but, retaining such a jolly expression all the time, that any one who sees me in my fits of hypochondriasm and sentiment, imagines my tears are rather drawn from the urn of laughter than of grief;—that I have been laughing till I cried over: my excellent friend Jones's farce of ‘Peter Finn,’ rather than paying tribute to the ‘*Virginus*’ of my other excellent friend Knowles.

But this comfortable expression of countenance is not the only cause of my complaint. Fortune has taken a spite to me from my birth. I feel sure I was intended by nature for a great tragic author. My thoughts uniformly run upon the dark and horrible—I have sighed to experience misery and unhappiness in my own person—have wept by anticipation over future ills,—solitude, friendlessness, poverty, imprisonment, and unmourned, unpitied death;—but, alas! they never came, and by all present appearances are never very likely to come. I plunged into debt in order to enjoy the discomforts of that condition; and, after spending every shilling, retired to a desolate cottage, in the vicinity of a churchyard, and commenced a course of training for tragedy—conjured up a regiment of false, deceitful friends, clamorous tradesmen, stony-hearted turnkeys; and in the extreme distance I caught a glimpse of a shadowy figure of about seventeen or eighteen stone carried out in dim array to occupy the grave of a lonely suicide! What are the hopes of man? My friends were true as steel—my creditors never even hinted at their bills—I grew fat, at the rate of a stone a week—and finally, just when I had fixed on a name for my tragedy, Mr. Hazard drove up to my lodgings in a coach and four—a lottery ticket had turned up a prize, and he had brought me an order on the Bank of England for twenty thousand pounds. After that, my tragedy, of course, was left unthought of. A man to write a tragedy with twenty thousand pounds in his pocket!—the thing was ridiculous;—you might as well attempt to dance the gallopade with the gout. I returned to my old modes of life, and made sure of gaining one object at last, and securing a proper quantity of woe, by falling in love. Love gives a fine filipp to a man's poetical feelings. I saw a young creature at an evening party—made a point of never asking her name—imagined her a mysterious beauty, probably under the iron thraldom of some heartless guardian: I danced with her—her words were music—I would have given the universe to be convinced she was unhappy: such a voice for the heroine of a ‘*Tale of Tears*.’ Day after day I mused myself into love—I affected solitude, and worked myself into such a state of despair, that I had hopes of being enabled to throw myself into the Serpentine. At last I met her in the Park—spoke to her—Heavens! how my whole frame trembled with emotion! I told her I had thought of her constantly since the miserable night which introduced me to hopelessness and her; and protested I had spent all the intermediate time in sighs, and fasting, and tears. As I spoke she looked in my face—I knew it was all over with me in a moment—there was my confounded cheek ruddy with health, my eye clear with perfect happiness, and such a simper of ineffaceable mirth upon my lips! She burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and told me I should make a better Sam Savoury than Liston. Gods! did I not die upon the spot? By no means. With agony in my heart I darted off from the fair cause of my misery, and cast on her a look so tearful as I departed, that—that—that she laughed three times more immoderately than before. I heard she was quite delighted with the meeting—declared I was exceedingly agreeable, and so very, very funny. I, who all my life long, have been the most dolorous and pathetic of human creatures, have lived to be called

very, very funny, by the being who broke my heart! Mr. Moore's song of 'A bean on the face,' was written as a poetical allegory upon myself. I am disciple of both the ancient philosophers: Heraclitus keeps his feast of sorrow far down in my sensitive bosom, while Democritus sets his seal on my perpetually grinning features. My spirit might animate the body of the Last Man—my countenance might do very well for a frontispiece to Joe Miller. Nor is this all. As if it were not enough that my condolences to friends are inevitably taken as insults, my friends are deprived, when any real misfortune has the kindness to befall me, of the gratification of offering their condolences. When my uncle, dear soul! the best friend I ever had, died by a fit of apoplexy, under peculiarly-affecting circumstances, I confess it, on that occasion, I was as melancholy as I could desire. I thought with the most poignant regret on all the kindnesses I had experienced from the good old man, and was sitting, a few days after the funeral, immersed in contemplations of the most dismal kind. My friend Jack—was admitted into the sanctuary of the "chamber of grief." I was not at that precise moment in tears—my thoughts did lie too deep for such a manifestation; but certainly, as I would answer on my most solemn asseveration, I was far, very far, from any feeling of jocularly. I motioned him to a chair, and shook my head so mournfully, that he might easily have seen I was quite unequal to the task of holding a conversation;—but he began: "Pon my soul, I'm quite rejoiced to see how well you bear it. I called to offer my condolences; but, egad! your face tells me, in a moment, you have no great cause for sorrow—something, eh? in the old gentleman's will—ah! mum's the word."

I could have run him through the heart. But he still kept on in the same style, congratulating me on the very event which had nearly deranged my understanding from an excess of unhappiness; and on taking his leave he slapped me on the shoulder, and told me I was still the same jolly, good-natured fellow as ever, and when I did not feel any regret, was too little of a hypocrite to assume it! I wished him at the devil every step I heard him take so jauntily down stairs, and would have given a thousand pounds to change countenances with an owl—that bird

Which shuns the noise of folly,
—most melancholy.

I was, however, delighted with myself on this occasion, in one respect. I managed to remain unhappy for very nearly a month. The pleasures of that period I am never very likely to forget. But very soon I found my old spirits returning—every hour I perceived my gloominess clearing off—and at the end of six weeks there was not a vestige of regret remaining—my heart was as jocund and free from the traces of sorrow as my features. Again I was placed in the chair at all meetings for the purposes of joviality,—not that I am in any wise gifted with the colloquial or convivial talents required for that situation, but simply on the strength of my face. People—so those who afflict me with what they consider their compliments, tell me—can never look at me without an elevation of their spirits—my very silence is better than other men's wit—my eyes an epigram, my cheek a repartee, and my mouth—so good-humoured, so open, so redolent of fun—is a hundred times more amusing and more provocative of mirth than Hood and Reynolds put together.

My path to professional reputation and emolument is entirely closed. I attended a course of lectures on surgery, with the intention of devoting myself to that profession. On attending at the hospital, while an operation was performed of a very complicated nature, the poor sufferer expired; and just before his strength sunk under him, he said that he was rendered

miserable by the fat little gentleman in the blue coat standing by and laughing at him! Laughing? Ye Gods! I was carried out in a fit, produced by the intensity of my commiseration, and could not for many a miserable night resign myself to sleep without being haunted by the appalling image of the dying man. I now tried my chance in the office of an attorney; but Mr. — got notice on the second day, that if he did not discharge the new clerk who was constantly grinning whenever his clients commenced their statements, his business would be immediately diminished. As a last resource, I determined to enter the church; and, as a preparatory step, presented myself for matriculation at Oxford. The Vice-Chancellor received me very stiffly, even at first—the tutor who attended looked black as night, while I entered into a conversation on subjects connected with my education and pursuits with the dignified ecclesiastic. He was for a considerable time much too lofty to cast his eyes on so insignificant a being; but at last his looks rested on my countenance, and there was the usual grin: if he had been treating us to a pun, the expression could not have been more hilarious. I struggled with all my might to assume a becoming gravity, but my efforts only produced such a demoniacal expression of exuberant mirth, that after an ominous exchange of looks between the great man and the tutor who presented me, the Vice-Chancellor declared his dignity had never been so insulted before; and till I learned to conduct myself with propriety and decorum, he should decidedly refuse to proceed with my matriculation. My excuses only served to make matters worse—my features at each new apology only assumed a grin of more preternatural absurdity—and at last I was fairly led out of the room by my attendant tutor, who felt foul of me the moment we reached the street. He asked what I had seen ludicrous in the appearance of the Vice-Chancellor or himself, and finally rushed off in a torrent of offended pride, and advised me, instead of attempting to qualify myself for the church, to turn my attention to grinning through a horse-collar!

I have at last fairly yielded in the struggle. I have resolved to content myself with smirking through life with the reputation of being the most laughter-loving of human beings; but yet it is hard that my facetiousness, instead of being where I wish it, all in my eye, is scattered with the most intolerable profusion over every square inch of my face.

W. J.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ROME.—No. III.

THE Aqueducts are the most astonishing of all the ruins of Rome. Others may be comprehended, and have their locality and space in the "mind's eye," but these have neither beginning, middle, nor end. In the southern suburbs of the city and in the Campagna, they cross you in every direction; and, go on as far as you will, they go farther. A man has no perfect idea of the power and population of old Rome, unless he walks out four or five miles on the Appian Way. The walk is pleasant for itself, and more so if he cross into the old Via Ostia, and return by the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which is a beautiful ruin, and, though much injured in the civil wars of the middle ages, seems likely to last for centuries. That tomb will explain to him the mounds of rubble that he will have passed in such numbers in his walk; the marble of this tomb having been only partially removed, in the others wholly. Indeed, this whole neighbourhood is full of interest, and deserving an attentive consideration. The Circus of Caracalla, which is immediately at the foot of the hill, is the best preserved of any in Rome. It gives not merely a good general idea of the ancient Circus, but with reasonable attention most of the details may be traced.

The tomb of Caius Cestus disappointed me. It is so simple, that of course we have as perfect an idea of it before as after seeing it; and it has not that imposing grandeur which I expected—it is absurdly large for the tomb of an obscure citizen, but not large enough to affect the mind by its mere size.

You will conclude that there are a hundred other things worth seeing and of great interest, that are not worth describing,—or, if you desire to read of them, there are historical works well illustrated, in which the best of descriptions can be met with; there are hundreds of others neither worth seeing nor describing, though a traveller is rarely satisfied of this till he has toiled to them all. There is the Palace of the Cæsars, the Tomb of the Scipios, the Mausoleums of Hadrian, all full of interest, but nothing in description, without such a volume as would be wholly absurd, and to which I am wholly incompetent. But there are the ancient Baths yet to be noticed, and they must be noticed.

The fact is, then, that these baths, which make such a prodigious display in the maps of Rome, and in the folios of its antiquarians, have greatly disappointed me. Our learned, and which is worse, our unlearned travellers, cannot ascend the Cælian or the Aventine, but they fall into most elaborate descriptions of these baths, of their vestibules, their hundred halls, their gymnasium, their temples, their academies, their libraries, music-rooms, porticos; of their mosaic pavements, golden roofs, marble walls and marble columns; their gold and silver, and frescos, and statues worth more than gold. Now, all this would be well, if any trace of these wonders were discoverable; it is well, and even becoming, in professedly learned works; but, having read this sort of sounding description in trifling notices like my own, and knowing that the arabesques of the baths of Titus suggested to Raffaele the beautiful designs of the Loggia, and that the colossal group on Monte Cavallo, the Farnese Bull, the Laocoon, and fifty other wonders of art, were certainly taken from one or other of these baths, it may excuse a little disappointment on finding the baths themselves nothing, positively nothing, but a wilderness of brick walls—they are ruins ruined. Not that they are without interest. From works of professed research we easily collect, or may, all the particulars so absurdly thrust into a volume of travels; and when we afterwards wander amidst the ruins, and calculate their dimensions, their extent, their splendour, their cost, their number, and their use—a mere washing-tub for the hides of "the rank-scented" many, for which the Tiber might well enough have served—we have a more palpable evidence and deeper impression of the grandeur and wealth of old Rome, than from all the other ruins together, except perhaps, the aqueducts, which are connected in the mind with these baths, as they were in reality. For this feeling alone, the baths are worth a journey to Rome; for themselves, and what actually remains, they are hardly worth crossing the city. At the baths of Antonine there is nothing—at the baths of Titus the arabesque paintings only. What remain of these, are at the top of some long narrow vaults, twenty feet high at the least, and to be seen only by lights stuck upon long poles,—and, absurd as it may seem, could never have been seen in any other way. These are more beautiful than I expected, but not so perfect as described, and their exposure to the air and the constant damp, must in no great time destroy them. This is to be regretted, though less so now that so many specimens of ancient painting have been found at Pompeii:—before that, they were the only specimens known to exist. Some of the groups, and some of the ornamental designs, seemed to me very clever; but it is difficult to distinguish them, and very painful to examine

them attentively, from their being at such a height and immediately above your head. There cannot be a doubt, I think, that the exquisitely delicate and most beautiful ornamental frescoes of the Loggia were suggested by them; nor did Raffaele, I suppose, imagine that any one would hereafter doubt what was so notorious in his own time; and yet most absurd stories have been told of his actually filling up the vaults to conceal them. I now see distinctly the feeling awakened by this discovery, which was first made in the time of Raffaele, in the designs he furnished for the ornamental carvings in the church outside the gates of Perugia. As to the baths of Dioclesian, what really remains without restoration has been converted into granaries, and is merely so many brick arches; the churches of St. Bernardo and St. Maria degli Angeli, are, however, parts of the ruins restored and perfected, and are, at the same time, in themselves and by their distance from each other, evidence of the beauty and magnitude of the scale of those baths. I shall speak of them hereafter.

One word on the Obelisks, and I have done with the ruins of old Rome. Obelisks are elegant things, and these commendation ends; see one, and you have seen all. In answer to a modern traveller, who, following the fashion, says, that on entering the Piazza del Popolo, the obelisk "seemed almost to pierce the skies," I would observe, that it is seventy-four feet in height; and that, pedestal and all, it is not one half the height of the Monument, nor one fourth of Salisbury spire. I think most persons that have visited Rome, must have felt just reason to complain that writers are not sufficiently particular to distinguish between the effect of things in themselves, and in their associations. These obelisks, I repeat, are elegant and ornamental, but in themselves nothing more—in recollection and feeling, indeed, they are the most interesting monuments in Rome. Of imperishable material, and of a form that defies time, they were records of a forgotten people, forgotten even by the old Romans—even then they had outlived their purpose, for the language in which it was recorded could not be read—and they are now the most perfect remains of old Rome itself. This has become their character—this it is that awakens interest—this it is that subdues our feelings and fills the mind with wonder and admiration—and not "their almost piercing the skies," which I have shown you is a description most absurdly hyperbolic.

D. W.

FRENCH NATIONAL WORKSHOP.

A project of an extraordinary nature has been set on foot in Paris by two individuals named Crébassol and Rosier, with the ostensible view of giving employment to the numerous workmen now in a state of destitution in that capital. A placard has been posted in the different quarters of the metropolis, inviting all those who are in want, to come and enrol themselves—with the promise of work, and not alms, in case of their producing a good character. "A hundred trades," says the placard, "will be open to their activity." Such golden promises could not fail to draw thousands to the spot—where each received a certificate of enrolment, and a detailed prospectus of the plan of operation *in principio*—which states, that it is the intention of the projectors to open this immense undertaking at the end of the present month! Copies of this document have been circulated among the monied and official classes, with an intimation that regular lists of all the subscribers to the undertaking will be published in future bulletins, and also, in another column, the names of those who formally *refuse their support*, "that the people may know who are their friends." The motive of these gentlemen may be good—but it looks suspicious; they nominate them-

selves as sole directors and managers of the whole concern. The capital said to be required is 3,600,000 frs., to be raised by 6000 shares of 600 frs. each; with this capital they propose opening a vast manufactory in the centre of Paris, where 8000 workmen are to be employed; and those too of *all* trades! It may be that the projectors intend opening a communication with Central Africa by ascending the Niger; else we can hardly imagine what vent they can hope to have for their goods, which must not throw 8000 established manufacturers out of employment. But the whole project is so visionary, that, were it not for the dangerous proposition before mentioned, it would not have been worth notice. The promises thus held out to the distressed labourers will end, we fear, in disappointment.

The principle, however, of employing the poor, in preference to giving them charitable relief, is excellent, but we must not bring the produce of their labour into competition with the works of established manufacturers—this is merely to transfer the misery from one class to another. It is a wise administration of all charitable funds to employ them in opening new channels of communication—in giving facilities to trades—in digging canals—levelling roads—reclaiming waste lands. How much better would it be to raise a permanent income for this purpose to be employed in Ireland, than to leave wretchedness to go on accumulating until it ends in absolute starvation, and then to rush with our thousands and tens of thousands to relieve the perishing. We wish influential men would seriously consider this. These demands from Ireland are periodical, and come as regularly as the seasons; and while men have hearts in their bosoms, we trust they will never be disregarded: but it were surely better to prevent than to relieve misery; and it is extraordinary the very limited sums that might be serviceably and most beneficially employed in a cheap country like Ireland.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The monthly meeting was held on the 4th instant, Joseph Sabine, Esq. in the chair. Seventy-six members were declared duly elected, and certificates in favour of twenty-five new candidates were read.

The report by the secretary stated, that the visitors to the Museum during the month of July were 1237, and the money received 367. 1s. The visitors to the Garden were 53,320, and the amount taken 23487. 7s. The balance in the hands of the treasurer was 34674. 4s.; and the funds of the Society in so flourishing a condition as to enable the council to order an investment to be made of one-fifth of the amount of each monthly receipt. Among other donations, the secretary announced a valuable present from the Lords of the Admiralty, of various animals, collected during the voyage of His Majesty's ship *Chanticleer*.

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

August 2.—A letter was read from J. R. Neame, Esq., on the growth of pine plants in moss, which mode had been attended with great success, at his residence near Sittingbourne. A small black Antigua pine-apple accompanied the letter, and bore ample testimony to the merit of the treatment it had experienced, by the very high flavour which it possessed. There was also on the table, a handsome melon, from Mr. Roundell, with a Chinese honeysuckle from Mr. Tate's nursery, and gooseberries, apples, pears, cherries, raspberries, and a profusion of flowers from the Society's garden.

R. S. Holford, Esq., was elected a Fellow of the Society, and Mr. Gerritt Eldering, of Haarlem, a corresponding member.

FINE ARTS

MR. REID'S ETCHINGS.

Mr. Reid's Pictures and the British Institution.

Mr. Reid is an artist it was never our good fortune to hear of before. He resides at Salisbury, and has, it appears, occasionally sent pictures to the British Institution, which, according to the extraordinary management of that incomprehensible establishment, have usually been returned—one exception, however, we should mention, where a small picture, seven inches each way, and finished like a miniature, was hung up fifteen feet, actual measurement, above the ground! Of Mr. Reid's talents as a painter, therefore, we are unable to speak; but as he is an enthusiast in his art, and as these etchings are full of the highest and finest feeling, we cannot but question the judgment of the unknown authorities at the British Institution.

The accident to which, perhaps, we are indebted for a knowledge of Mr. Reid at all, is curiously illustrative of the strange freaks of fame and fortune. It appears that two or three years ago he printed some dozen or fourteen of these etchings for distribution among his private friends, and by an extraordinary chance a copy of the work was seen by Goethe at Weimar. The enthusiastic old man was so delighted with it, that he immediately dispatched the following gratifying letter to the unknown artist: we, of course, do not choose to alter a single word—the little inaccuracies only heightening the interest:—

"Weimar, 18 Octbr. 1829.

"At a period when the English 'Forget-Me-Not,' and other similar Annuals, make us acquainted with the microscopic skill of the copper-plates of that country, it was an appearance in the highest degree agreeable to me, to see a collection of plates from an artist so well acquainted with delicate keeping, and who knows to feel with Rembrandt the reflection even of an already far-departed light, and with Ruissdael the cheerful and prosperously-growing fruits of the field so nicely ranged in sheaves. If any printseller has the commission to bring your works moor widely before the public, name him, that we may thus be able to call the attention of our venders to them. Unfortunately, the distance is too great for me to be able to show a more lively interest, and my advanced age prevents me from so largely extending my participation, as it was formerly my good fortune to do.

"Wishing you all happiness, and commending myself particularly to your remembrance—

"Sincerely yours,

"J. W. GOETHE."

Mr. Reid, it appears, had never even heard of Goethe, and was not a little astonished at the receipt of this letter. His friends, however, soon informed him of the celebrity of the writer, and his delight may be easily imagined. This noble testimony to his genius by so distinguished a foreigner, consoled him a little for the corroding contempt shown for his works by those who represent the Patrons of British Art; and, by the advice of his friends, he has at length determined to make a selection of twenty from his beautiful etchings, and offer them for sale to those who are curious in such refined and delicate works—they are all sketches from nature, and some were even etched in the open fields. Copies, we believe, may be seen at, and subscribers' names will be received by, Messrs. Colnaghi & Son, and by Mr. Dalton; but as not a single impression will be taken after the plates are in the slightest degree worn, the number of copies must be very limited; and those who desire to possess them should be early in their application. Specimens were lately shown to her Majesty, when she expressed

her great admiration, and desired that her name should head the list of subscribers.

We are particularly anxious that nothing here said of the British Institution should at all compromise Mr. Reid. He is a dreaming enthusiast, who lives in his own little world of art, and only pines to think that his limited means are every year straitened by demands for frames, and packages, and carriage; and wonders that pictures, which others so highly commend, are always rejected there; but we are bound to make the circumstances known, and are sure the honourable men whose names are enrolled among the patrons will thank us for doing so.

It has been repeatedly said by the public press, that there is something wrong in the management of this Institution; and sure we are, that these disappointments are enough to break the heart of an artist. We know, indeed, that last year Mr. Reid himself, a little flushed and sanguine, perhaps, with the unexpected compliment that had been paid to him by the illustrious foreigner, came to town, with a not presumptuous or unbecoming confidence, to see how his picture would look when surrounded by the works of his better-known contemporaries. We can easily conceive with what a palpitating heart he ascended the broad stairs and traversed the different rooms; but we know that he burst into tears on again finding that the work he had so long and so diligently laboured at, had not even been thought worthy of exhibition.

Surely the TRUE Patrons of Art will think it but becoming in them to make inquiry into the management of an Institution which subjects artists to such bitter disappointment—which, in its incomprehensible judgments, rejects pictures one year and admits the same pictures another. The Institution was projected by them for the noblest purposes—is supported by their liberality—and its decisions have the weight and authority of their names.

Present to Goethe.—A desk seal, quite a gem for taste and elegance, has been lately manufactured by Mr. Salter in the Strand, as a present to Goethe from some of his English admirers. Among the subscribers we hear that Sir W. Scott, Lord Leveson Gower, Mr. Lockart, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Carlyle, Dr. Maginn, Mr. Fraser, Mr. Churchill, and other German scholars, have enrolled their names. The device is a star encircled by a serpent, and the motto, *Ohne Hast aber ohne Rast*—Without haste but without rest.—The setting is highly wrought and most tasteful. In the lower rim are the red and white roses, relieved by oak leaves, emblematic of England—above, an owl's head peeping from out the ivy—a fine and boldly-carved satyr's head—and the whole surmounted by a rich bouquet representing the flowers of literature. Encircling and entwined with the ivy branches, there peeps forth a label, inscribed, "To the German Master, from friends in England, 28th of Aug. 1831."

Medal of the late Mr. Roscoe.—A medal of this amiable man is about to be engraved by that clever young artist Mr. Scipio Clint, from the medallion by Gibson. It will arrange in size with Parker's medals, designed to perpetuate the memory of the great men of the present age.

MUSIC

KING'S THEATRE.

La Sonnambula—Bellini.

Of this opera we can say, as we said of the 'Anna Bolena,' that it owes its success, in this country, solely to the talents of Pasta and Rubini. With the exception of one or two pretty *motivi*, so exquisitely given by these gifted artists, as to elicit a unanimous call for repetition—of which compliment, *soit dit en passant*, Signor

Bellini must not arrogate to himself any share—the music of 'La Sonnambula,' is sometimes scarcely upon a level with that of 'Il Pirato,' and often sinks much below it. There is a general thinness and want of effect in the instrumentation, not calculated to make us overlook the other defects of this composition, which, in our humble judgment, are compensated by no redeeming beauties. Bellini has soared too high. There is nothing of grandeur, no touch of true pathos in the common-place workings of his mind; he cannot reach the *opera semi-seria*; he should confine his powers to the lowest walk of the musical drama, the one-act *opera buffa*.

The question of the lesseship of the King's Theatre was yesterday finally determined, and the manager's mantle has fallen upon M. Mason, Esq. Mr. Mason is both the writer and composer of an Italian opera, which, no doubt, will now be among the earliest novelties produced at this establishment next season. As we know him to be a man of talent and a man of taste, a gentleman and our countryman, we heartily wish him success; but knowing the enormous rent, which the monopolist lessors have inflicted upon him, of no less than 16,000*l.*, and the other hard conditions to which they have subjected him, we cannot give him joy.

In fact, there appears but one of three alternatives left to him—either to raise the price upon his subscribers—to give them a very inferior opera—or, to be ruined.

We think, that when the effects necessarily consequent upon monopoly are thus brought home to the most sensitive parts of the great ones of the land, their pockets and their pleasures, that they will, in their capacity of legislators, do something to mitigate their own sufferings as opera subscribers.

MR. COLLINS—YCLEPTE THE "ENGLISH PAGANINI."

OUR readers at a distance from town may perhaps expect a somewhat more technical account of this gentleman's performances than we gave them in our hasty notice last week. To our task then. We have already stated that he played the simple air, 'Sul margine,' with much taste and feeling. If he can play one so, of course he can play all. He executes rapid passages neatly and distinctly—bowing each note. He is uncertain in his hitting of extreme distances—in which Paganini never fails. He plays double notes very well, but not better than many others; and, in this respect, he is certainly inferior to De Beriot, who likewise greatly surpasses him in tone. His harmonics are good, but almost all single notes—whereas Paganini does much more with double harmonics: and musicians well know that, in double harmonics, the difficulty is multiplied by much more than two. He is very far behind his original in his imitation of Paganini's *pizzicato* passages, and producing notes by means of the left hand only without the bow. He makes a double shake, bowing each note: the effect is poor, and indeed rather ridiculous; but the million like it, and applaud it much—it would not be fair to ask them why. The harmonics he produces by placing the bow between his hand and the nut, are curious, *mais voilà tout!* No new effect is gained by it. The tricks he plays by unscrewing the bow, and placing the stick under the violin, and the hair over the strings—also by fastening the bow between his knees, and rubbing the strings against it, are no doubt capital at Sadler's Wells, but they are not to be countenanced by professors;—one great professor, by the bye, (Mr. St. John Long) might, perhaps, approve of the rubbing. After all, Mr. Collins is undoubtedly an artist of much merit; but the appellation he has adopted is rather calculated to injure than benefit him. It

would be as difficult to match Paganini's playing as his person; and we venture to assert, that neither can be done in this country.

RUBBI'S CONCERT.

In the good old times of the Spectator, when the interest attached to theatricals was a matter of feeling and not of fashion, honest Will Downes, the Prompter, could, command the good will of the "wits and men of pleasure upon town," and through their good word could secure for his benefit the patronage of the public, as is pleasantly enough recorded in that *Athenæum* of its day, the Spectator.

We regret to relate the widely different fate of the indefatigable and enthusiastic Prompter of the King's Theatre, who yesterday announced his benefit with a programme and prospectus containing a larger proportion of musical and theatrical talent than perhaps ever appeared together on a similar occasion. No name of note but graced the list of his performers. As to his auditory, they amounted to less than half a dozen after an hour's expectancy, and these were necessarily dismissed at the expiration of that time, leaving the unhappy Beneficiere to lament that he had no other recommendation with the public than his own unobtrusive merit, which, being unobtrusive, could not of course succeed, notwithstanding the excellence of the entertainment he had provided.

THEATRICALS

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

On Tuesday, a new piece, in three acts, was produced here, called, after its French god-mother, 'Madame du Barry.' It is intended to exhibit a portion of the cabals and intrigues of the court of that good-for-nothing legitimate, Louis XV. We gave some account of the original when speaking of Madame Albert, who played the principal character when she was over here. From its construction, it is and must be better adapted for the French stage than the English; but Mr. Poole, who touches nothing without leaving an impression of the master's hand, has done all that could be done to fit it for the latter. We give him particular credit for getting rid of the false interest which was produced by the King's making love, though innocently, to his own daughter. The French are very fond of this bad sort of excitement—the English are not. The author was not fortunate in his cast. It was painful to see so good an actor in his way, as Mr. Webster so completely pushed out of it. His good-humoured provincial dialect sounded absolutely ridiculous in the *Duc de Richelieu*. Mr. H. Wallack played Louis with great good sense and considerable dignity, but Mr. Farren ought to have done it. We understand that that gentleman refused the part. We trust that he will, in justice, exercise his power in the theatre a little further, and fine the manager for letting him. Mr. Morris seems to think, from the number of parts he gives her to play, that there are nine women in one female Taylor. It is impossible she should have time to learn even the words—how then can she be expected to give that study to the characters, which is necessary to enable her to do justice either to them or to herself? The play, however, was received with applause, and considerable approbation followed its announcement for repetition. We have to entreat that somebody will interfere to protect our ears from the constant repetition of the name as pronounced at the Haymarket. Some person or other was always talking about Madame *dew* Barry. Is there no intellectual sun to dispel this dew?

ENGLISH OPERA.—ADELPHI.

A new opera, called 'The Sorceress,' was presented here on Thursday, composed by Mr. Ries. The scene is laid in Russia; and the materials for the plot are selected from the exploits of a certain captain of banditti, called *Black Naddock*. Not content with stealing property, this renowned chief steals the daughter of a neighbouring Baron, and subsequently the Baron himself. A faithful female attendant, whose father has formerly been murdered by *Black Naddock*, follows in the disguise of a Lapland witch—(hence 'the Sorceress')—ingratiates herself with the robbers—is asked into their den—discovers their great secret, which is a *secret grato*—turns it upon its pivot, and thus removes the only bars to the entrance of the military, and, of course, after a fight, the innocent are rescued, and the guilty punished. We have but little to say in praise of the piece, which, excepting the very questionable, though not altogether inappropriate one of introducing the soldiers at the *fire*-place, does not contain a single new incident. The music deserves a very different mention. Though the pieces have the usual German fault, of being too lengthy, and though on the whole it is inclining to the heavy, it has great and various merit. We were particularly pleased with the overture—with a song of Mr. Phillips's—a trio admirably sung by Miss H. Cawse, Miss Novello, and Miss Ferguson—a ballad sung to perfection by Miss H. Cawse—a wild chaunt by the same young lady—and a comic trio, something about "troublesome women." Mr. Phillips was in excellent voice; and Miss Betts exerted herself creditably in the concerted music, some of which is extremely difficult. The prize of the evening, however, must in justice be awarded to Miss H. Cawse. We are at a loss which to praise most, her acting or her singing. She deserves infinite credit for both. The opera has been gotten up with great care and propriety; and looking at the diminutive size of the house, one ought rather to wonder that so much has been done, than that more *has not*. The scenery is the best we have ever seen within these walls.

OCTOGENARIAN REMINISCENCES.

Johnson and Pinkethman were two actors in the time of George II. Johnson dabbled a little in picture-dealing, and wished very much to get possession of a painting of a macaw, which he had remarked at a broker's shop near Drury Lane, but for which, from its excellence, he feared a high price would be asked. He accordingly laid a little plot with his friend Pinkethman, which was developed in the following scene:—

JOHNSON.—(alone, and seemingly attracted by the picture for the first time—in a careless, off-hand manner)—Pray what do you ask for this fish?

BROKER. Fish, Sir! You mistake—that's a bird.

JOHN. Poh! nonsense, bird;—I tell you it's a fish.

BRO. I say, Sir, it's a bird—and if you say it is not, you know nothing of the matter.

JOHN. It's a fish—

BRO. It is not, Sir; and I believe you know better when you say so.

JOHN. I know better than you, if you mean that; it's a fish.

BRO.—(enraged)—It's false, Sir!—and you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

JOHN. Come, come, man—don't be angry—I want to deal, not to quarrel with you;—what do you ask for the fish?

BRO. It is not a fish, Sir—it's a bird, and the price is ten guineas.

JOHN. You're a very obstinate man, and the price is high: but, if you have a mind for a wager, I'll bet you ten guineas against the picture itself that it is a fish.

BRO. With all my heart;—who shall decide it?

JOHN. Oh, I don't care anybody—(raising his voice that his cue may be heard)—The first man who passes by—

BRO. Agreed;—here comes one.—(To Pinkethman, who is seen approaching with a demure step, and apparently lost in thought)—Sir, Sir!—Come here, Sir, if you please—

JOHN. Aye, Sir—pray do.

PINKETHMAN.—(with affected astonishment)—Good heavens! gentlemen—What can you want with me? Is there anything the matter?

BRO. No, Sir—nothing the matter; only we want you to be so good to decide a bet for us. This gentleman lays that this is a—

JOHN. Stop, Mr. Broker; I insist upon it that you don't put words into the gentleman's mouth—it's not fair; ask him simply what that picture represents.

BRO. Well, just as you like—be it so. Pray, Sir, what does that picture represent?

JOHN. To be sure—that's the only fair way.

PINK. (Takes out his spectacles—wipes them deliberately and puts them on; then looks attentively at the object for two or three minutes.)—Bless my soul, it's very strange now—I can't, for the life of me, recollect what it is they call it: but I certainly have seen the fish somewhere—

BRO.—(snatching down the picture in a rage, and throwing it at Johnson's head)—D—n you and the fish too—take the picture.

MISCELLANEA

The well-known picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of 'Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy,' was pirated by the Parisian artists, and made its appearance, immediately after publication as an engraving, entitled *L'Homme entre le Vicaire et la Vertu*.

The Pantheon in Oxford Street, is at length about to be sold, pursuant to a decree of the Exchequer. We may therefore reasonably hope, that it will now be turned to some use, and become an ornament instead of a nuisance to that busy street.

Mr. Allan Cunningham's reception at *Dumfries*.

—It appears by the *Dumfries Courier*, that after an absence of many years, Mr. Cunningham lately paid a visit to his native town, and was received with a welcome that showed how heartily his early friends rejoiced in his well-earned fame. A public dinner was given him, at which upwards of sixty of the most respectable gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood were present. All the customary healths were drunk, and speeches made; but some of the little anecdotes incidentally alluded to in the different speeches, made it anything but an ordinary meeting in its interest. The old master, under whom Mr. Cunningham worked as a mason for some years, was of the party, and their mutual recollections were delightful, and did equal honour to the head and heart of both of them. The report occupies five columns of the paper.

Coffee, the Elixir Vitæ.—There is an old woman, now living at Boulogne, who has reached her hundred and seventeenth year, and subsists entirely upon coffee, of which she consumes between thirty and forty cups per diem. This out-coffee Voltaire himself, who was content with a couple of dozen. The female, of whom we are speaking, was born at Villars, three leagues distant from Chambéry, but was not married until her sixty-sixth year, when she gave her hand to a young man of five and twenty, who left her a widow at the end of twelve years. In 1827, she was visited by one of the late King's physicians, who gave her hopes of enjoying a further term of a quarter of a century and upwards.

Test for Mushrooms.—A correspondent of the *Times* gives the following as a test:—"To ascertain whether what appear to be mushrooms are so or not, a little salt should be sprinkled on the inner or spongy part. If in a short time afterwards they turn yellow, they are a very poisonous kind of fungus, but if black, they are to be looked upon as genuine mushrooms. They should never be eaten without this test, as the best judges may be occasionally deceived."

Cholera Morbus.—According to an official return of the number of casualties by cholera in the ranks of the Russian army in Poland, from the first breaking out of the disease, until the 2nd of July, it appears, that 8343 individuals had been attacked, of whom 4338 had recovered, 3692 had died, and 313 remained invalided in the hospitals.

Olden Traditions extant in Rome.—The peasantry about Rome are to this day in dread of the sorceress Circe, and would die sooner than set foot within the cavern of Circeio; and they, as well as the vulgar in Rome itself, were told by Niebuhr, believe that the fair and hapless Tarpeia still inhabits the bottom of an old well in the Capitol, where she would be found sitting with her robes sparkling with diamonds.

Volcanos.—In Europe there are few active volcanos. Mount Etna in Sicily, Vesuvius on the opposite coast of Italy, Stromboli in the Lipari Islands, Hecla and five others in Iceland, are all that are known. According to D'Aubuisson, M. Ordinaire estimates the number of active volcanos at 205, of which 107 are in islands, the other 98 on the continents.—It is a remarkable circumstance, that all the volcanos which are at present in a state of activity are situated in the vicinity of the sea.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W.&Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 28	81 49	29.98	N.W.	Clear.
Fr. 29	80 59	Stat.	Var.	Clear.
Sat. 30	80 59	Stat.	E.	Clear.
Sun. 31	80 59	Stat.	E.	Clear.
Mon. 1	79 62	29.93	N.E.	Shrs., P.M.
Tues. 2	72½ 61½	29.75	N.E.	Rain.
Wed. 3	70 65	Stat.	E.	Ditto.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cirrostratus, Cumulus, Nimbus. Nights and mornings rainy towards the end of the week; thunder almost every day.

Mean temperature of the week, 76.5°.

Astronomical Observations.

Mercury at his greatest elongation on Saturday.

Jupiter's geocen. long. on Wed. 15° 21' in Cancer.

Mars's — — — 27° 28' in Leo.

Venus's — — — 25° 59' in ditto.

Sun's — — — 16° 20' in ditto.

Length of day on Wed. 15h. 26m.; decreased, 1h. 18m.

Sun's horary motion, 2° 23'. Logarithmic number of distance on Monday, .006333.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

P. P. P. next week, if possible.

G. Y. H., An Old Subscriber, R.R., T.T., and others, under consideration.

G. must order the *Athenæum* as he would a book—of a bookseller at Bury, who will receive it regularly with his parcel from the London agents. We do not supply papers to Subscribers from the Office.

Athenæum Advertisement.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

Forthcoming.—A volume of Poems, by Mr. A. Watts, illustrated by upwards of thirty line engravings, from pictures by Lawrence, Howard, Stothard, Leslie, Turner, Chalon, Newton, Pickersgill, Etty, Collins, E. Landseer, H. Thomson, Haydon, Stanfield, Bonington, Bone, Boscail, Gattermole, &c.

A third edition of Dr. Ryan's Manual of Midwifery, enlarged, with numerous plates.

Just subscribed.—Menton on Recognition, 12mo.

2nd edit. 6s. 6d.—Memoirs and Remains of Jane Taylor, 12mo. 5s.

Vaughan's Life of Wycliffe, 2 vols. 8vo.

14. 1s.—Poems of Chaucer Leigh, new edit. 6s.—Standard Novels, Vol. 1, 2nd edit. 6s.

Pilot, 6s.—Bourne's Napoleons, 3 vols. 1c. 7th, 8th, & 9th of Family Library, 2nd edit. 18s.

Lardner's Cabinet Library, Vol. 7, History of the Bourbons, Vol. 2, 5s.

Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia, Vol. 21, Lives of British Statesmen, 3 vols. 18s.

Hay's Religious Philosophy, 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Dandley's Thoughts on Various Subjects, 7s. 6d.—Rev. M. Oxenden's Sermons, 8s. 6d.—Aldine Poets, Vol. 15, Pope, Vol. 3, 5s.

Encyclopaedia Metropolitana, 4th division, 14. 18s.—Nicholson and Rowbotham's Algebra, 12mo.

5s.—Guide to Southampton and the Isle of Wight, by C. Andrews, 12mo. 3s.

Trimmer's History of the Robin, new edit. 18mo.—Hymns for Children, by the Rev. W. Fletcher, 2s. 6d.—Easy Stories, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—First Lessons in the History of England, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—Juvenile Cyclopaedia, Vol. 2, Europe and Asia, 3s. 6d.—The Evergreen, 3rd edit. 2s. 6d.—Rustic Excursions, 5s.—Salmon on Prolapsus of the Rectum, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Hyams' Integral Calculus, Part 1, 8vo. 9s. 6d.—Miller's Hydrostatics and Hydrodynamics, 8vo. 5s. 6d.—Lectures for the Religious Instruction of Young Persons, by M. A. Ryan, 12mo. 4s.—Marshall's Account of the Population for 1801, 1811, and 1821, royal 4to. 14. 11s. 6d.—Rev. J. D. Coleridge's Selection of Prayers, 18mo. 1s. 6d.—The Origin, Science, and End of Moral Truth, post 8vo. 7s.—The Village Preacher, Vol. 5, 2nd edit. 5s.—Nicholson's Operative Mechanic, 8vo. 14. 11s. 6d.—Williams's Parent's Catechism, 2s. 6d.—Preceptor's Assistant, 5s.—Gerald Fitzgerald, by Anne of Smeaton, 5 vols. 12mo. 14. 11s.

ADVERTISEMENTS

A NEW LIGHT.

JONES'S PATENT PROMETHEANS, for producing Instant Light, without the aid of a Bottle or any apparatus, and, unlike any other fire-box, of whatever description, there is no possibility of their getting out of repair in any climate. This is the most simple and best mode of producing Light ever invented. No bed-room, drawing-room, or counting-house should be without them; for cigar smokers they are unequalled: on coach, horseback, or sea, in any current of air, they still retain their fire, and, on being burnt, a fragrant perfume; are perfectly innocent and free from danger.

JONES'S LUCIFERS, OR CHLORATE MATCHES.

This is a very simple and cheap mode of producing Instant Light, simply by drawing the Match through Sand Paper, and will never require by keeping. 1s. per Box. May be had of all respectable Chemists, Tobacconists, &c. throughout the Kingdom. As these Matches are now imperfectly imitated by an unprincipled foreigner, to prevent disappointment please to observe that others are now substituted without the name and address, 'S. Jones, Light House, 201, Strand.' The following inventions and improvements by S. Jones, are sold wholesale and retail:—**S. JONES'S NEW PHILOSOPHICAL PASTILE**, For performing and disinfecting dining, drawing, and bed rooms; the most simple and elegant Pastile ever invented, for large parties or crowded apartments. They will be found to emit the most fragrant perfume that can be imagined. They burn with any kind of spirituous perfume, such as Eau de Cologne, Lavender Water, &c., which may be varied at pleasure. The expense of burning is not One Penny per Hour.

S. JONES'S ETNAS,

for boiling half a pint of water in three minutes.

BACHELOR'S DISPATCH,

for boiling a quart of water, and cooking a steak, chop, or eggs, in nine minutes.

PERFUMED CONJURORS, and every description of **PORTABLE KITCHENS**, for ships, hotels, gipsy and water parties, from 10s. 6d. to 14 guineas, to cook from one to twenty dishes. Merchants and Captains will find it to their interest to visit the **LIGHT HOUSE**, 201, Strand. The New Kitchen is kept going on Tuesdays and Fridays, from one to three o'clock.

COFFEE.—DEACON, COFFEE-MART. 1, SKINNER-STREET, SKEW-HILL (exactly opposite the King's Arms Inn), continues to sell the finest Coffees at the usual prices, notwithstanding the great advance which has taken place in the market. A Quarter of a Pound may be had.—CHOCOLATE, COCOA, &c.

ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.—Persons assured for the whole term of Life, will have an addition made to their Policies every seventh year, or an equivalent reduction will be made in the future payments of Premium, at the option of the Assured. The second septennial valuation of the Company's Life Policies has been completed, and the following TABLE shows the total additions made to Life Policies for 1830, effected in London or through an Agent in Great Britain, which have been in force for the fourteen years ending at Christmas 1830.

Date of Policy	Sum assured.	Annual Premium.			Age at Commencement.	Amount that has been added to the Sum assured payable at the Party's Death.
Dec. 25, 1816	£1000	£21	15	10	20	£230
do.	1000	21	0	10	25	236
do.	1000	26	14	2	30	244
do.	1000	29	16	4	35	255
do.	1000	33	19	2	40	278
do.	1000	38	19	2	45	304
do.	1000	45	6	5	50	349
do.	1000	48	4	5	55	382
do.	1000	53	13	4	60	439

Equivalent Reductions have been made in the future payments of Premium, where the parties assured have desired to have the amount of Bonds so applied.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.—In addition to the benefit of the late Reduction in the Rates of Premiums, this Company offers to Assure the advantage of periodical Returns of the surplus Premiums; and also the payment of Rent of Buildings rendered untenable by Fire.

The Returns for some years were from 10 to 25 per Cent. on the Premium paid.

The Company's Rates and Proposals may be had of any of the Agents in the country, who are authorized to report on the appearance of Lives proposed for Assurance.

Cheapside, London, HENRY DESBOROUGH, Secretary.

July 20, 1831.

BAKER and MACQUEEN'S CONCENTRATED SOLUTIONS OF THE CHLORIDES OF SODA and LIME, warranted always of uniform strength, and prepared strictly according to the formula of the Discoverer, M. LABARRAQUE, of Paris, in whom mankind is indebted for the discovery of an agent most extensive in its application, and little short of miraculous in its effects.

Without taking up the time of the public by printing nonsense about labels and wrappers, where no exclusive right exists, Baker and Macqueen are content to pledge themselves that the genuine articles will be found inside their bottles, they having determined to adhere pertinaciously to the directions which M. Labarraque has given.

As the robber is often the first to cry 'Stop thief,' so are those who palm off the inventions of others for their own discoveries always the foremost to charge with imitation those whom they have actually copied.

THE PRINCIPAL PROPERTIES OF THE CHLORIDES ARE, To prevent Infection from Small-pox, Measles, Cholera Morbus, Scarlet and Typhus Fever, &c.

To keep Meat, Fish, and Game sweet in the hottest weather, and to restore them when tainted.

To purify bad or dirty Water.

To disinfect Sick Chambers and all crowded Places.

To destroy Garden Insects.

To remove Stains from Linens.

To correct all offensive Odours, from whatever cause arising; &c. &c. &c.

May be had of all Wholesale Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors; and sold retail by all respectable Chemists, Grocers, Ointmen, &c. In Quart Bottles—Lime, 2s.; Soda, 2s. 6d.; accompanied by full directions for use in all cases.

201, STRAND.

BOOKBINDING in all its branches, by

H. FOUNTAIN, No. 31, Great Titchfield-street, Cavendish-square.
12mo, half calf, lettered, per vol. 1s. 3d.
8vo, do. do. 1s. 6d.
4to, do. do. 2s. 6d.

No extra charge for Magnanes, &c.
Orders punctually executed for any part of Town or Country. Any party waited upon with specimens if desired.

Literature, Fine Arts, &c.

NOTICE.—THE EXHIBITION of the NATIONAL REPOSITORY, GALLERY of the ROYAL MUSEUM, CHARING CROSS. Patron, the KING.—THE FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Institution is NOW OPEN daily. Admittance, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.
T. S. TULL, Secretary.

LEOPOLD KING OF THE BELGIANS.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, Part XXVIII. Just published, contains a Portrait and Memoir of LEOPOLD THE FIRST, engraved by J. Thompson, from the original painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at Marlborough House.—The Part also contains PORTRAITS of SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE and ADMIRAL LORD HOWE.

Those who wish to possess themselves of a series of Portraits of the illustrious characters whose names are distinguished in the political or the scientific records of our country—who have raised its dignity and improved its intellectual character—may have that wish abundantly gratified by adding this very superior work to their respective libraries. The Portraits are truly splendid, each embodying in itself the very spirit of the original paintings of which they form such faithful copies.—*Herald.*
SIR WALTER SCOTT, THE EARL OF ALBEMARLE, and LORD LYNDOCH, the two last after the engravings by Sir Thomas Lawrence, were the Portraits in Part XXVII.—of which the *Literary Gazette* observes: "Such a production is alone sufficient to make the fortune of a number. The romantic military career of 'Graham' is a good contrast to the literary life of the great Poet."

In conclusion, we think this delightful publication well worthy of its name, Nature, for its careful construction and more likely to create a desire in noble and generous youths to 'go and do likewise,' thus raising a spirit of emulation that may prove of inestimable service to the country.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*
London: FISHER, Son and Co., Newgate-street.

WORKS connected with the FINE ARTS, recently published by CHARLES TILT, Fleet-street.

1. LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS of the

WATERLEY NOVELS, Part XVI., containing Four highly-illustrated engravings of 'Melrose Cross,' from a Drawing by D. Roberts; 'High Street, Edinburgh,' F. Stothard, R.A.; 'Lazzy Castle,' D. Roberts; and 'Nolipath Castle,' W. Westall, A.R.A. Price 4s. 6d. for India Proofs, 7s.

The illustrations are beautiful as works of art, and the best possible accompaniments to the 'Waterley Novels.' They can be looked at with pleasure again and again.—*New Monthly Magazine*, June.

2. Westall's Great Britain Illustrated: a series of original Views of the principal Towns, Public Buildings, and Picturesque Scenes in the United Kingdom. From Drawings by William Westall, A.R.A. Engraved principally by E. Finden, with descriptions by Thomas Neale.

This splendid work, which has cost the Proprietors upwards of SIX THOUSAND POUNDS in its production, is now completed. It contains one hundred and thirty-two original and beautiful views, with appropriate descriptions, and forms a handsome quarto volume. With the expectation of a very extensive sale, it is offered to the public at a price not exceeding the usual price asked for a blank album of the same size and style of binding.

The volume is neatly half-bound in green morocco, with gilt top, price 34s.; splendidly bound in arabesque morocco, price 48s. A few India Proofs remain, price 34s. 6d. half morocco, or 31s. 12d. in morocco elegant.

A beautiful views constitute the decorations of this cheap and interesting publication.—*Literary Gazette*, &c.

We never observed anything before so remarkably beautiful, at such very reduced prices.—*Monthly Magazine*.

The views are characterized by a mingled vigour and delicacy, and are in every respect most beautiful.—*Weekly Times*.

3. Illustrations of Don Quixote, designed by H. Aiken, and engraved by John Zetter. Part I. containing Five Plates. Impl. 4to. 7s. 6d.; Proofs 10s.; India Proofs, before letters, 15s. To be completed in 5 Parts.

4. The Wagoner, engraved by C. Lewis, from a Picture by R. P. Rossington. Size 6½ inches by 9 inches high. Price of the Prints, 6s. Fifty copies only are printed, India Proofs, before letters, price 10s. 6d.

5. The National Anthem—'God save the King,' most beautifully emblazoned, and ornamented with gold, forming a splendid ornament for Scrap Books, &c. 6s. beautiful views, with appropriate descriptions, and forms a handsome quarto volume. With the expectation of a very extensive sale, it is offered to the public at a price not exceeding the usual price asked for a blank album of the same size and style of binding.

The volume is neatly half-bound in green morocco, with gilt top, price 34s.; splendidly bound in arabesque morocco, price 48s. A few India Proofs remain, price 34s. 6d. half morocco, or 31s. 12d. in morocco elegant.

A beautiful views constitute the decorations of this cheap and interesting publication.—*Literary Gazette*, &c.

We never observed anything before so remarkably beautiful, at such very reduced prices.—*Monthly Magazine*.

The views are characterized by a mingled vigour and delicacy, and are in every respect most beautiful.—*Weekly Times*.

3. Illustrations of Don Quixote, designed by H. Aiken, and engraved by John Zetter. Part I. containing Five Plates. Impl. 4to. 7s. 6d.; Proofs 10s.; India Proofs, before letters, 15s. To be completed in 5 Parts.

4. The Wagoner, engraved by C. Lewis, from a Picture by R. P. Rossington. Size 6½ inches by 9 inches high. Price of the Prints, 6s. Fifty copies only are printed, India Proofs, before letters, price 10s. 6d.

5. The National Anthem—'God save the King,' most beautifully emblazoned, and ornamented with gold, forming a splendid ornament for Scrap Books, &c. 6s. beautiful views, with appropriate descriptions, and forms a handsome quarto volume. With the expectation of a very extensive sale, it is offered to the public at a price not exceeding the usual price asked for a blank album of the same size and style of binding.

The volume is neatly half-bound in green morocco, with gilt top, price 34s.; splendidly bound in arabesque morocco, price 48s. A few India Proofs remain, price 34s. 6d. half morocco, or 31s. 12d. in morocco elegant.

A beautiful views constitute the decorations of this cheap and interesting publication.—*Literary Gazette*, &c.

We never observed anything before so remarkably beautiful, at such very reduced prices.—*Monthly Magazine*.

The views are characterized by a mingled vigour and delicacy, and are in every respect most beautiful.—*Weekly Times*.

3. Illustrations of Don Quixote, designed by H. Aiken, and engraved by John Zetter. Part I. containing Five Plates. Impl. 4to. 7s. 6d.; Proofs 10s.; India Proofs, before letters, 15s. To be completed in 5 Parts.

4. The Wagoner, engraved by C. Lewis, from a Picture by R. P. Rossington. Size 6½ inches by 9 inches high. Price of the Prints, 6s. Fifty copies only are printed, India Proofs, before letters, price 10s. 6d.

5. The National Anthem—'God save the King,' most beautifully emblazoned, and ornamented with gold, forming a splendid ornament for Scrap Books, &c. 6s. beautiful views, with appropriate descriptions, and forms a handsome quarto volume. With the expectation of a very extensive sale, it is offered to the public at a price not exceeding the usual price asked for a blank album of the same size and style of binding.

The volume is neatly half-bound in green morocco, with gilt top, price 34s.; splendidly bound in arabesque morocco, price 48s. A few India Proofs remain, price 34s. 6d. half morocco, or 31s. 12d. in morocco elegant.

A beautiful views constitute the decorations of this cheap and interesting publication.—*Literary Gazette*, &c.

We never observed anything before so remarkably beautiful, at such very reduced prices.—*Monthly Magazine*.

The views are characterized by a mingled vigour and delicacy, and are in every respect most beautiful.—*Weekly Times*.

THE NEW LONDON BRIDGE.

To be published in the course of the ensuing Week, by J. DICKINSON, 114, New Bond-street, a Lithographic Print of THE NEW LONDON BRIDGE, from Trafalgar Wharf, Southwark, as it appeared at the ceremony of opening by his Majesty William IV. on the 1st August 1831. Drawn on the spot by R. K. Esart, and lithographed by G. Scharf. Price 3s. plain, and 5s. coloured. Proofs, India paper, ditto.

LIBRARY of ARCHITECTURE, &c.

3, OSNABURG-PLACE, NEW ROAD, REGENT'S PARK.—ON SALE, A GOOD COLLECTION of BOOKS on ARCHITECTURE, &c. Also a great Quantity of loose PRINTS from valuable Works, well adapted for the folio of Professional Men and others, at low prices.

A LIST of WORKS

At Reduced Prices,

ON SALE, BY M. A. NATTALI,

24, Tavistock-street, Covent-garden.

1. BRITTON and PUGIN'S PUBLIC

BUILDINGS of LONDON, with Historical and Descriptive Accounts of each Edifice, by Messrs. Gifford, Papworth, &c. One Hundred and Forty-four Plates in Outline, by J. Le Keux, Rofe, &c.
Two vols. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 12s. 6d. Published at 5s. 5d.
Two vols. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 12s. 6d. Published at 5s. 5d.

2. Neale and Le Keux's Views of the Collegiate and Parochial Churches, NINETEEN PLATES, with Descriptions.
Two vols. 8vo. cloth, 2s. 12s. 6d. Published at 5s. 5d.

3. Parkinson's Organic Remains of a former World. 54 coloured Plates. 3 vols. 4to. cloth, 6s. 6d. Published at 10s.

4. Parkinson's Introduction to the Study of Fossil Organic Remains. Crown 8vo. with 10 Plates, cloth, 12s.

5. Dr. Turton's Bivalve Shells of British Islands, systematically arranged, with 20 Plates coloured by Sowerby. 4to. cloth, 2s. Published at 4s.

6. Watt's Bibliotheca Britannica; or, General Index to British and Foreign Literature. 4 vols. 4to. cloth, 6s. 6d. Published at 11s. 11s.

7. Dr. Dibdin's Library Companion. 1 vol. 8vo. (800 pages), 14s. boards. Published at 1s. 6s.

8. Sir Wm. Dugdale's Life, Diary, and Correspondence. Edited by Wm. Hamper, Esq. 2 Portraits and Autographs. Royal 4to. cloth, 1s. 4s. Published at 2s. 2s.

A Catalogue of Five Thousand Books, gratis.

MUSIC at HALF PRICE.—One Thousand

New Pieces, including Overtures to Tancrède, Bardière, Masanello, Semiramide, Cidreille, Freischütz, Eurydice, each 1s. 6d.—'Busenius' 'An clair de lune,' var. and March from Masanello, 1s.—Herz's Quadrilles Les Elegantes, five sheets, 2s.—Czerzy's Brava Variations on 'Sorte Secondani,' five sheets, 2s. Catalogues gratis.

Messrs. WALKER and SON, 17, Soho-square.

'DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.'

composed by the CHEVALIER NEUKOM, Author of 'Napoleon's Midnight Revue,' and 'The Sea.'

'Sleep on! sleep on!' Song, composed by ditto. 2s.

'They have given thee to another.' Ballad, by G. Linley, Esq. 2s.

'The Circassian.' Ballad, by T. H. Bayly, Esq. 2s.

'The Bower.' Ditto, by Ditto.

'Through the wood.' Cavatina, by C. E. Horn. 2s.

FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

'Recollections of Paganini.' Fantasia, by J. N. Hummel. 4s.

'Reminiscences of Paganini.' Ditto, by J. B. Cramer. 4s.

'Venetian Air (Non gioia il sospirar).' By do. 3s.

'La Galante.' Brilliant Rondo, by J. N. Hummel. Op. 121. 3s.

'The Plough-boy,' with Introduction and Variations, by Ditto. No. 1, Op. 120. 3s.

Weippert's Paganini Quadrilles (with Portrait). 3s.

CRAMER, ADDISON, and BEALE, 201, Regent-street.

Just published, price 7s. in cloth,

MANUSCRIPT MEMORIALS.

"I have my employments, my home resources: wet or dry, I can scribble; and if they do no good to others, my writings, at least, keep me from discontent."—*The Idler*.

London: EFFINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange.

CATON ON ASTHMA AND WINTER COUGH.

A new edition, 5s.

TREATISE on the PREVENTION and

CURE of the different Stages of ASTHMA, exhibiting the Characters, Symptoms, and Treatment of this Disease, with copious Observations on Diet, Liquids, Clothing, Residence, Climate, &c. &c.; containing also a Collection of necessary Prescriptions.

By T. M. CATON, Surgeon.

Late of St. Thomas's and Guy's United Hospitals.

Sold by Messrs. HIGGLEY, 174, Fleet-street; CHAPPEL, 65, Pall Mall; BOWER, 315, Oxford-street; SHERWOOD and Co. Paternoster-row; and all other Booksellers. Where may be had,

Caton on Indigestion, 3s.

Popular Remarks on Nervous Debility, &c. 3s. 6d.

COMPANION FOR THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

THE TATLER: a Daily Paper, price 2d. The second volume of this Miscellany, a Journal devoted to Literature, Fine Arts, Music, and the Stage, was completed on the 30th of June, and may now be had of all Booksellers, price 1s. 7s. in boards. The TATLER is delivered every morning with the earliest newspapers, to which it may be regarded as a companion, presenting the reader, instead of Politics and News, with Notices of Books, Exhibitions, and the Stage, occasionally Essays and Poetry, and a daily selection of anecdotes and other brief passages from ancient and modern authors. No. 250, published this day, contains an account of Moore's Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a Defence of Paganini against the Harmonicon, &c.

This Day,
NO. XXIII. of the FAMILY LIBRARY, to be a FAMILY TOUR THROUGH SOUTH LAND, up the RHINE, and across the NETHERLANDS, to OSTEND. Illustrated by a Map of the Route, and ten Views taken on the spot, etched by Lieut.-Col. BATTY.
JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle-street.

Just published by J. RODWELL, No. 46, New Bond-street,
POETICAL SKETCHES OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE. By the Rev. B. BAILEY, A.M., Senior Colonial Chaplain of the Island of Ceylon. To be had gratis at 45, New Bond-street, J. Rodwell's Catalogue, Parts I. to IV. of new and second-hand Books, many of them scarce and curious.

The 2nd edition, small 8vo. 7s. 6d.
OXFORD: a Poem. By ROBERT MONTGOMERY, Author of 'The Omnipotence of the Deity,' &c. Also, Engraved Illustrations of 'Oxford,' By Joseph Skelton, F.S.A., and other Artists, 8vo. 7s. 6d. Proofs on India paper, 10s. 6d. It has been revised by the Poet, and Skelton's beautiful illustrations are well calculated to give it a permanent interest with Oxfordians and lovers of the art. Literary Gazette.
WHITTAKER, TREACHER, and Co. Ave Maria-lane.

In 2 vols. 8vo. with a View of Al-Hamra, 25s.
SPAIN IN 1830. By H. D. INGLIS, Author of 'Solitary Wanderings in Norway,' &c. 'A Journey through Norway,' &c. 'Which we pronounce to be the best English work on Spain that has appeared since the publication of Mr. Townsend's Travels, published some four years ago.' Literary Gazette.
"A very interesting work... We shall not conclude without again recommending it strongly to all interested in the subject." Athenæum.
"Mr. Inglis has produced a very valuable book—one which will immediately take place of the partial accounts received from travellers of late years, and except for the cloud and mist that have so long obscured Spain from our view." New Monthly Magazine.
"Its superiority, as a book of travels, is obvious at the first glance, and we can assure our reader he will reap much valuable information as to the actual condition of Spain, both political and domestic." Monthly Magazine.
WHITTAKER, TREACHER, and Co., Ave Maria-lane.

Just published, No. II. price 2s. of the
USEFUL FAMILY LIBRARY: consisting of 'Lord Bolingbroke's Patriotic King,' and his celebrated 'Essay on the Spirit of Patriotism,' incorporated with such observations as may render his lordship's principles and precepts more pertinent to practice, use at this momentous crisis of Reform; and a short disquisition on the English Constitution, by a Reformed Whig. With a highly finished likeness of his present Majesty—the best that can be procured. At 1s. each; or an edition on common paper, without the portrait, at 2s. 6d.
JOHN BROOKS, 421, Oxford-street.

Just published, price 3s.
VOLUME VII. of that highly interesting work, THE OLIO, embellished with 20 original and spirited Engravings. It is certainly one of the most amusing periodicals of the day. The original articles are well written—full of life, vivacity, and truth; the anecdotes, poetry, &c. have been selected with great care. The work is neatly printed, and some of the wood engravings are really very beautiful. A complete edition of this work, which may be obtained in numbers for a mere trifle, would form an almost inexhaustible fund of amusement for the leisure hours of an industrious mechanic, and a source of pleasing improvement for his children. We may conscientiously recommend 'The Olio' to the patronage of the public." Weekly Dispatch.
"The original articles are very numerous, and full of all that path and quaintness which make them valuable to the general reader. We strongly recommend this work as a cheap and valuable addition to the library of our fair friends. The illustrations (of which there are twenty-nine in the volume) are finished engravings, and will form pleasing and instructive sketches for the youth." Bell's Weekly Messenger.
"It is hardly possible to dip anywhere without being attracted by the matter to read on." Literary Gazette.
"This is a cheap and elegant work." Times.
"This work is worthy the attention of families, as it is of that nature that cannot fail to please." John Bull.
The engravings are beautiful, and the original matter good, with choice selections from the best works." Country Paper.
Part 47, illustrated with four choice engravings, price 1s.
Nos. 1 and 2 of a new volume are just published, price 2d. each, with engravings. As each volume of this work is complete in itself, and the price of the numbers so trifling, families and gentlemen will find the present an excellent opportunity to become subscribers, and judge for themselves of its merits.

Also, No. 4, of a Series of Engravings for Scrap Books, containing eight splendid illustrations to Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, price 4d.
"Any one of the engravings is worth more than the cost of the whole Monthly Part." Felix Farley's Bristol Journal.
A few complete sets may be had.
Published at the Old Office, West-End-court, Fleet-street; sold by all Booksellers and News-vendors.

INTERESTING NEW WORKS.

I.
MEMOIRS OF COUNT LAVALLETTE, Aide-de-Camp to Napoleon. Written by Himself, in 2 vols. 8vo. (Just ready.)

II.
THE DUTCHMAN'S FIRE-SIDE: A Tale. By the Author of 'Letters from the South,' &c. 'The Black woodman,' &c. John Bull America, &c. In 2 vols. post 8vo.

III.
The Octavo Edition of
CAPTAIN BEECHER'S VOYAGE TO THE PACIFIC. With numerous Plates engraved by Finden. 2 vols. "A lasting monument of Captain Beecher's abilities, and an honour to his country." Literary Gazette.

IV.
Companion to the Waverley Novels. In small 8vo. neatly bound and beautifully embellished, price 6s. each Number.
STANDARD NOVELS. No. VI. Containing Cooper's celebrated Story, **THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS,** (the whole 3 vols. in one.)
HENRY COLBURN and RICHARD BENTLEY, New Burlington-street.

In 2 vols. 8vo. price 30s.
THE GREEK TESTAMENT, with English Notes. By the Rev. EDWARD BURTON, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford.
Printed for J. PARKER, Oxford; and WHITTAKER, TREACHER, and Co. Ave Maria-lane, London.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.
Published by WHITTAKER, TREACHER, and Co. Ave Maria-lane.
In 12mo. with 7 plates, engraved on steel, price 6s. 6d. bound and lettered.
FIRST LINES OF ZOOLOGY: In Question and Answer. By R. MUDDIE, Author of 'The British Naturalist.' In 12mo. with 10 engravings, price 3s.

2. The Natural History of the Bible: or, a Description of all the Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, and Insects, Trees, Plants, Flowers, Gems, and Precious Stones, mentioned in the Sacred Scriptures. From the best Authorities, and alphabetically arranged. By T. M. Harris, D.D. In 12mo. with coloured plates, price 5s.

3. Letters on Entomology. For the Use of Young Persons. In 12mo. price 6s.

4. The Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom Displayed, in a Series of Letters. In 12mo. with several engravings, price 3s.

5. The Elements of Drawing; containing the First Principles of Light and Shade, Colouring and Perspective. By G. M. Mather. In 12mo. with 7 plates, price 2s.

6. A Practical Explanation of the Elements of Architecture. For the Use of Drawing Academies. By G. Smith.

NEW AND USEFUL BOOKS FOR YOUNG CHILDREN.

1. **HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.** By the Rev. W. FLETCHER, of St. John's College, Cambridge. Price 2s. 6d.

2. Easy Stories, for the Amusement and Information of Children of four and five years old. Price 1s. 6d.

3. First Lessons in Geography. In Question and Answer. Written by a Lady, for the use of her own Pupils, and intended to be committed to memory at an early age. 4th edition. Price 1s.

4. First Lessons in the History of England. Price 1s. 6d.

5. First Lessons in the History of Greece. Price 1s. 6d.
London: N. HAILES, Juvenile Library, 168, Piccadilly, opposite Bond-street.

This day is published,
HAVERHILL: or, MEMOIRS of an OFFICER in the ARMY of WOLFE.

By JAMES ATHEARN JONES. 3 vols. post 8vo. price 11s. 6d. boards.

"It is to the full as earnest and impressive, and conceived in nearly as philosophical a spirit as 'Lawrie Todd,' while it is more full of adventure, character, and historical details." Atlas.
T. and W. BOONE, 29, New Bond-street.

EASY AND PROGRESSIVE FRENCH READING BOOKS.

1. **LECONS pour les Enfants de 3 à 5 Ans.** Ans. composées de Phrases à lire, et de petites Histoires. 2s. 6d.

2. **Contes pour les Enfants de 5 à 6 Ans.** 2s. 6d.

3. **L'Espece des Enfants; ou, Fables nouvelles** en Prose. 2s. 6d.

4. **Les Jeunes Enfants, Contes.** 3s. Also, Mrs. Barbauld's Hymns, in Italian. 2s. 6d.
London: N. HAILES, Juvenile Library, 168, Piccadilly, opposite Bond-street.

MR. COBBETT'S TRIAL.
This day is published, price 1s. (2nd edition.)

A FULL and Accurate Report of the TRIAL of W. COBBETT, Esq. before Lord Tenchenden and a Special Jury, in the Court of King's Bench, July 7, 1831; with Preface, &c. by Mr. Cobbett.

"This Report contains matter interesting not only to the professional man, but to the honest labourer in the kingdom. It cannot be too extensively circulated." Star.

London: W. STRANGE, 21, Paternoster-row; Dublin: GRACE, Mary-street; and SHAW, Bachelor's-walk; and by all Booksellers and News-vendors.

TO THE VISITORS OF MARGATE AND RAMSGATE, AND ALSO TO THE LOVERS OF THE FINE ARTS.

Now ready, in an elegant little volume,
KIDD'S PICTURESQUE POCKET COMPANION to MARGATE, RAMSGATE, &c. With 120 illustrative engravings by G. W. Bonner.

"Or every visitor to Margate, Ramsgate, or Broadstairs, should provide himself with a copy of this very beautiful little gem." Atlas.
"The illustrations to this elegant little volume, 120 in number, are so exquisitely engraved, that none but the nicest observer could distinguish that they were not on steel." Morning Chron.

Fide also Literary Gazette, Sunday Times, Englishman's Magazine, &c. &c.
WILLIAM KIDD, 228, Regent-street. Sold also by G. F. CRUCHLEY, 35, Ludgate-street; and F. G. HARDING, 34, Cornhill.

This day is published,
THE THIRD VOLUME of Col. NAPIER'S HISTORY of the WAR in the PENINSULA. 8vo. with plans.

"Napier's History of the Peninsular War is an admirable production, and, at a stroke, levels all others before it." Metropolitan.
T. and W. BOONE, 29, New Bond-street.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY, 167, NEW BOND-STREET, near Grafton-street.—J. ANDREWS, in returning thanks for the liberal and distinguished support with which he has been honoured, respectfully begs to submit the following superior advantages derived by Subscribers to his Establishment.

1. They have the right of selecting from a valuable and extensive collection of Standard Works, replete in every department of British and Foreign Literature.

2. They are entitled to the immediate perusal of every new book as soon as published, the supply of new publications being unlimited!!

3. Subscribers may command the purchase of any work of general interest that may not have been previously added to the Library, thereby giving to this Establishment a decided superiority over every private Collection, however extensive.

Catalogues, with Terms of Subscription, may be had on application, or forwarded to any part in Town or Country.

BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE LAST TWENTY YEARS. In 8vo. price 18s. in cloth boards.

THE LONDON CATALOGUE of BOOKS, with their Sizes, Prices, and Publishers. Containing the Books published in London, and those altered in Size or Price, from the Year 1810 to the present time, arranged as follows:—1, Miscellaneous Literature (including School Books)—2, Divinity and Ecclesiastical History—3, Law and Jurisprudence—4, Medicine, Surgery, Physiology, and Chemistry—5, Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, &c.

"We believe literary men are but little aware that there exists for them so valuable and desirable an auxiliary. Its advantages are too obvious to require comment." New Monthly Magazine.
"A repository most diligently and accurately compiled, and, consequently, of great value to the buyers of books. It is not only a guide for the present day, but the foundation for a standard in times to come." Literary Gazette.

Published by ROBERT BENT; and sold by Longman and Co.; Rivington; J. Richardson; J. M. Richardson; J. Duncan; C. Simpkin and Co.; Simpkin and Co.; Sherwood and Co.; Poole and Edwards; H. Constable, Edinburgh; and all Booksellers.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S MAGAZINE, No. V., was published on the 1st of August, price 2s. 6d.

Contents: 1, The Quarterly Review and the Bill—2, Change Sweepeth over All. By William Motherwell—3, Reminiscences of Elision. By Elia—4, Sketch of Mr. Hunkinson's Public Life and Character. By an ex-M.P.—5, Four Old Maids. By the Author of 'Athenian.' 6, Track-leborough Hall, &c.—7, The Death-Bed. By T. Hood—8, The Irish Lord-Lieutenant and his Double. By the Author of 'Tales of the O'Hara Family.'—9, The Monument of the Library of the British Museum—10, Sonnet. By Alfred Tennyson—11, Recent Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quixote. No. IV. By the Author of 'Spain in 1830,' &c. (Continued)—12, A Day by the Dever, Heron, and Pacificus. A Tale in Soudas. By C. L.—13, Borelli and Menotti. By the Author of 'Scenes in Poland'—14, Stanzas. By A. H. Hallam—15, On some Characteristics of Modern Poetry, and on the Lyric Poems of Alfred Tennyson—16, Lines written on a sudden Arrival of Fine Weather in May. By Leigh Hunt—17, Old Adventures. By J. S. Knowles, Author of 'Virginius,' 'William Tell,' 'Airedale,' &c.—18, Sonnet. By John Clare—19, The Torpedo. An African sketch. By Thomas Pringle—20, Our Early Patriots: Sir John Elliot—21, The Minister's Warning. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton—22, An Audience of the Grand Duke Constantine before the Polish Revolution. By a distinguished Foreigner—23, Music—24, The Drama—25, Literary Epistles. No. I. By De For, Junior, &c. &c.

"The Number for September will contain the First of a Series of Essays, under the title of 'Peter's Net,' by the Author of Rilla.

London: E. MOXON, 64, New Bond-street.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.
This day is published,

A PRELIMINARY STATEMENT of the ARRANGEMENTS for CONDUCTING the various DEPARTMENTS of KING'S COLLEGE, London; with reference particularly to the Regular Course of Education, the Medical School, and the Attendance of occasional Students.

Printed for B. Fellows, 39, Ludgate-street, Bookseller and Publisher to the College; C. J. G., and F. Rivington; H. Colburn and Son; J. Rodwell; Bowdler and Kirby; J. Bousfield; S. Low; W. Straker; Renshaw and Ish; F. C. Westley; C. F. Cock; J. M. Richardson; and J. Letts and Son.

OBSERVATIONS on DISTORTIONS of the SPINE and LIMBS, with Remarks on Spinal Irritation. By LIONEL BEALE, Surgeon.

Author of 'A Treatise on Deformities.' Published by WILSON, 16, Prince's-street, Soho. Price 8s.

"Mr. Beale has evinced a perfect acquaintance with the causes and treatment of the deformities of the human body. No one can peruse his works without feeling that he ought and will be consulted in those distressing maladies." Med. and Surg. Journ.

"Modern researches have shown the connexion of nervous disorders with spinal irritation. Mr. Beale has given cases which exhibit this connexion, and throw a new light on these hitherto inscrutable maladies." Letter.

Published by JAMES COCHRANE and Co., 11, Waterloo-place, Pall Mall; and J. ANDREWS, 167, New Bond-street.

MR. CAMPBELL'S NEW MAGAZINE.

THE METROPOLITAN: A MONTHLY JOURNAL

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE FINE ARTS.

Edited by THOMAS CAMPBELL, Esq.,
Author of 'The Pleasures of Hope.'

ASSISTED BY THE LEADING LITERARY CHARACTERS
OF THE DAY,

AND BY
NAVAL AND MILITARY WRITERS OF DISTINGUISHED
TALENT.

- Contents.**
- 1, A Retrospect of Literature, by James Montgomery, Esq., No. II. (concluded).
 - 2, The Pacha of Many Tales, No. III., by the Author of 'The King's Own.'
 - 3, The 'Spirit of the Movement.'
 - 4, A Sketch of the General Assembly of Scotland.
 - 5, Sonnet, by the late Ugo Foscolo.
 - 6, Anecdotes of the late Mr. Abernethy.
 - 7, Convent Sketches, No. I., by the Author of 'Spain in 1830.'
 - 8, The Roman Eagle.
 - 9, Biography of Old Fellows, No. I. Howell of Margate.
 - 10, Naval Novels. By the Author of 'Tales of the Far.'
 - 11, A Tributary Strain to Paganini.
 - 12, Riches, No. II.
 - 13, The Tale of an Assailor, No. IV.
 - 14, Bridal of Pisa. By the Author of 'Selwyn.'
 - 15, Temperance Societies.
 - 16, July, 1830—Aux Armes!
 - 17, The Parson's Porch, No. I.
 - 18, The Philosophy of Pain.
 - 19, The Village Foe.
 - 20, Mrs. Gore's New Comedy.
- With Original Articles, by distinguished Writers, on the DRAMA, MUSIC, and the FINE ARTS; reviews of New Publications; and a great variety of useful information.

Contents of the First Number.

- 1, Remarks on the Geography of the Ancients. By T. Campbell, Esq.
- 2, Literature of the Day—the New Magazine.
- 3, May Day.
- 4, Fashion in Music.
- 5, Memoirs of the Macaw of a Lady of Quality. By Lady Morgan.
- 6, The Hypochondriac.
- 7, The Execution of Calas.
- 8, On the Birth-day of the Princess Victoria. By Allan Cunningham.
- 9, A Summer Night's Dream in the Hermitage at Sirinone.
- 10, To a Broken Aolian Harp.
- 11, Political Times.
- 12, The Lord Chancellor's Levee.
- 13, The Life of a Sailor, No. I.
- 14, The Pacha of many Tales, No. I. By the Author of 'The King's Own.'
- 15, France and Europe. By a Distinguished Foreigner.
- 16, Colonel Napier's History of the Peninsular War, reviewed.

"A union of very clever men may produce a work that people must buy; and such men are likely enough to join under the banners of a name that adds lustre to periodical literature. The ground on which Mr. Campbell starts is independence: his intentions are good, his public views liberal, his spirit energetic and manly."—*Spectator*.

Contents of the Second Number.

- 1, Lord Falkland's Dream on the Night before the Battle of Newbury: a new Poem. By James Montgomery, Esq.
- 2, Memoirs of 'The Wanderer of Switzerland.'
- 3, The Pacha of the Macaw of a Lady of Quality. By Lady Morgan. (concluded).
- 4, On the View from St. Leonard's, Hastings: a new Poem. By T. Campbell, Esq.
- 5, Retrospect of Literature from the earliest period to the Twelfth Century. By James Montgomery, Esq., No. I.
- 6, The Trouble in Ireland.
- 7, The Life of a Sailor, No. II.
- 8, Starting, as it did, under the guidance of the eminently gifted 'Bard of Hope,' whose writings, political as well as poetical, have shed a halo round the literature of his country, and at once avowing, with a boldness and nerve which cannot be sufficiently commended, that, in all circumstances, the New Magazine would act upon principles of stern independence, there was little to fear as to its future success. The Metropolitan has been exceedingly felicitous in the choice and arrangement of its subjects—exhibiting an admirable combination of the grave and the gay—a very judicious admixture of the *dulce et utile*—the strength, and nerve, and freshness of ripened manhood. Literature, Science, the Fine Arts, Commerce, and Trade, each find a place in its pages, and are each discussed with no common ability, and in a spirit which most commendable attention, and ensure the approbation of all classes of the reading and thinking portion of the community."—*Glasgow Courier*.
- 9, The Quakers' Carnival in Dublin.
- 10, Naval Anecdotes.
- 11, 'And there shall be no more of Switzerland!'
- 12, Anecdotes of the late Mr. Abernethy.
- 13, Political Times—The Elections.
- 14, Letter from Paris on the Present State of Affairs in France.
- 15, Sotheby's Homer, with a Specimen of his New Translation of the *Odyssey*, unshown—the works are in a handsome and convenient form.
- 16, Life of Sir Thomas Lawrence, reviewed.

Contents of the Third Number.

- 1, Poland! a Poem, by Thomas Campbell, Esq.
- 2, Paganini!—Solus cum solo!
- 3, A Retrospect of Literature, No. II. By James Montgomery, Esq.
- 4, A Captivity among the Rocks. By an Officer.
- 5, The New Association for the Encouragement of Literature.
- 6, The Graces in Ireland.
- 7, The Life of a Sailor, No. III.
- 8, Decline of the Stage.
- 9, Sonnet.
- 10, Memorials of our College, No. I.—A few Passages in the early Life of William Mortimer.
- 11, Epistle in Verse to the Orange Outing.
- 12, Epom Races; a Sketch from Life.
- 13, The Pacha of Many Tales, No. II. By the Author of 'The King's Own.'
- 14, Christopher North and Reform.
- 15, Dialogues of the Deck. No. I. Jack the Giant. By the Author of 'Tales of the Far.'
- 16, State of Parties in Dublin. By the Author of 'Sketches of the Irish Bar.'
- 17, Reform—Its Opponents.
- 18, Narrative of recent Events in Poland, No. II. (Derived from Authority).
- 19, Barry O'Meara's Observations upon the Authenticity of Bonaparte's Memoirs of Napoleon, reviewed.

"The *Metropolitan*.—The great celebrity this periodical has so rapidly gained, must be attributed, and justly so, to the acknowledged talent and superior judgment of its compiler and editor, Mr. Campbell."—*Reading Mercury*.

WORKS published by JAMES COCHRANE & Co.

THE NOVELIST'S LIBRARY;

with Biographical and Critical Notices by Thomas Roscoe, Esq.; and Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Publishing in Monthly Volumes, uniform with the Waverley Novels.

In announcing a Select Series of Classical Novels, Messrs. Cochrane and Co. declare any intention of trespassing on the ground occupied by other publishers. Whilst the productions of writers of fiction, subsequent to the time of Fielding and Smollett, are presented in a periodical form as candidates for public favour, the Proprietors are encouraged to extend the field of rational entertainment, by offering to English readers CHEAP EDITIONS of the Works of those great painters of life and manners who reflect lustre on their respective countries, comprehending only such NOVELS and ROMANCES as have been unequivocally stamped with popular regard, and which, from their long-admitted superiority over all competitors of their class, and their translation into various languages, are for ever associated with the literature of the world.

The NOVELIST'S LIBRARY will embrace the following distinguished Works:—

- Tom Jones. Fielding. Do.
Joseph Andrews. Do.
Amelia. Do.
Roderick Random. Smollett. Do.
Peregrine Pickle. Do.
Humphry Clinker. Do.
Vicar of Wakefield. Goldsmith. Do.
Tristram Shandy. Sterne. Do.
Gulliver's Travels. Swift. Do.

With others of equal popularity, whose authors, it is acknowledged, wrote 'for all times and for all happy illustrations of character and manners prove them to have been familiarly acquainted with human nature in all its varieties, and capable of representing life as they found it; thus furnishing an intellectual banquet, repast at once with instruction and amusement.

The best original editions of these celebrated works have hitherto been published in forms and at prices which have placed them beyond the reach of any but the wealthier classes of readers. To remove this inconvenience, and supply wants which the public has long felt, the Proprietors intend to publish the present edition in Monthly Volumes, beautifully printed and embellished with Plates, at the cheap price of Five Shillings per volume, neatly bound. Each author can be purchased separately.

The First Volume of this Series was published on the 1st of July, containing Smollett's 'Humphry Clinker,' complete in one Volume, with a Memoir of the Author by Thomas Roscoe, Esq.; a fine Portrait by Freeman, and Illustrations by George Cruikshank.

The Second Volume was published on the 1st of August, containing Smollett's 'Roderick Random,' complete, with Five Illustrations by George Cruikshank.

"The *Novelist's Library* (Cochrane and Pickersill).—The two first volumes of this work, containing Smollett's 'Humphry Clinker' and 'Roderick Random,' edited by Mr. Roscoe, have just made their appearance, and very tempting specimens of the work they are. They are handsomely got up, and the genius of George Cruikshank has been employed to illustrate some of the most prominent scenes. Those who are acquainted with the illustrations of the 'Humphry Clinker' will be struck by the affinity between his broad humour and that of the celebrated author. One sketch of George Cruikshank's pencil is worth all the criticisms and commentaries that ever were written in praise of the novels of Tobias Smollett."—*Morning Herald*.

"This series is beautifully got up, is remarkably cheap, and deserves the patronage of the book-buying public. The illustrations, by Cruikshank, are conceived in a kindred spirit."—*Spectator*, July 2.

Roscoe's Novelist's Library.—This is the first volume of a series which, from the promise it holds out, will put the lovers of this delightful species of literature in possession of a choice library of humorous and entertaining works at an economical price. Smollett's 'Humphry Clinker' is comprised in the volume before us, which, besides being elegantly printed, is illustrated with a number of humorous and characteristic designs in the style of George Cruikshank's happiest manner. Its price is only five shillings. The second volume of the series contains the same author's novel of 'Roderick Random,' complete, in 11.

"The *Novelist's Library*.—The exterior, at a single glance, has much to recommend it; but if we turn aside what is mere ornament, we are delighted to see that which passes (outwardly) unshown—the works are in a handsome and convenient form. 'Humphry Clinker' is familiar to us all, even from our childhood; but in former times a Cruikshank could not be found to embellish subjects, though the widest field were opened for the purpose. 'Humphry Clinker' is eminently felicitous in its respect, and the genius of Cruikshank has displayed itself in its wisest style in the book before us. We must pronounce the work, at its outset, a valuable acquisition to the library; and have no doubt the continuation of it will be equally meritorious."—*Exeter Afford*.

On the 1st of September will be published Smollett's 'Peregrine Pickle,' similarly illustrated.

In 2 vols, with sixteen Illustrations by Strutt and others, and an elegant portrait of De Foë, engraved on steel, price 10s. neatly bound.

DE FOE'S ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Comprising a Life of the Author, written expressly for this edition; Descriptions of the Island of Juan Fernandez, and an Account of an Indian who was left there before the time of Alexander Selkirk, derived from authentic sources. The whole forming, with a Notice of Selkirk, the most complete edition ever published of this celebrated Romance.

"Robinson Crusoe is the first book I ever read with pleasure; and I believe every boy in Europe might say the same."—*Martineau*.

III.

History of Poland, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, by James Fletcher, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge; with a Narrative of the Recent Events, obtained from a Patriot Polish Nobleman. In One Volume 8vo. price 1s. bound in canvas. Illustrated by Portraits of Kosciuszko and the President of the National Government (Prince Czartoryski); also an accurate Map of Poland, including its ancient boundaries.

"At this moment, when the sympathies of all Europe are awakened by the gallant struggle which the Poles are making against the Despot of the North, a volume giving a summary of the early history of Poland—recording the gallant deeds of its former statesmen and warriors—and last, not least, giving an animated description of those circumstances which at last caused the proud and brave subjects to rise in vengeance on their oppressor, cannot be other than highly acceptable to every one. The work is of great interest, and the information it contains is so well

WORKS published by JAMES COCHRANE & Co.

timed, that its utility and importance must at once be recognized. Portraits of Czartoryski, the President of the National Government; and of General Kosciuszko; and a Map of Poland, are here supplied. The description of Constantine is as curious as it is appalling, and well accounts for the stern determination of the Poles to die rather than be subjected to his brutal violence again."—*Sunday Times*.

IV.

The Staff Officer; or, the Soldier of Fortune:
A Tale of real Life.

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues."—*Shakespeare*.

By Oliver Moore. In 3 vols, post 8vo. 24s.

"We are prepared to admit that our extracts do not do justice to the work: the writer's power is in discriminating female character; but he judiciously makes it develop itself by incident, to illustrate this, would require scenes and pages to be transferred to our columns. As a whole, this novel will be read with interest: it is light and pleasant; with many very natural scenes, many excellent and well-drawn characters, and without one line or word of affectation or pretence."—*Athenæum*.

V.

The Principles of English Composition;
illustrated by Examples. With Critical Remarks. By David Bostwick, author of the 'Analytical Dictionary.' In one volume 12mo. price 7s. 6d. bound in cloth.

"This little volume is distinguishable for the independent view which the author has taken of his subject—the distinctness and facility with which he decomposes and recomposes the details—and the good and well-reasoned principles which direct his critiques."—*Monthly Magazine*.

VI.

In 8vo. price 5s. 6d.

The Dwelling of Fancy, with other Poems;

by J. Augustine Wade, author of 'Sougs of the Flowers,' &c.

"The first poem, 'The Dwelling of Fancy,' has much beauty; while among the minor pieces are some full of that tender and natural feeling—that graceful imagery, which most can appreciate, and all enjoy: it is poetry passing over the human heart, and referring the music it has awakened to the source whence it was born. 'The Hymn of Memory's Lyre,' is, with all its fanciful imagery, a most exquisite Poem. The author is quite capable to take his place in the foremost rank of our lyric bards."—*Literary Gazette*.

VII.

The Parliamentary Pocket-Book; or, a Key to the Houses of Lords and Commons; containing Alphabetical Accounts of all Members composing the Legislative Assemblies of Great Britain, including the New Parliament, with their Titles, Official Appointments, Town and Country Residences, Relationship, Political Connections, &c. &c. Also the Regulations and Standing Orders of both Houses, respecting Privileges, Private Bills, Fees, Fines, and Committees. Lists of the Scotch and Irish Nobility who do not sit in the House of Peers; and other species of Information respecting the Constitution and Usages of Parliament.

"A country may have a good Constitution and a bad Government; and vice versa.—The Constitution of England is immortal."—*Seymour of Cardinal Richelieu*.

In One thick Volume, crown 8vo. neatly bound. (In a few days.)

VIII.

In 3 vols, post 8vo. price 24s. boards.

The Club-Book; consisting of Original Tales

by the following distinguished Authors:
ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq.
ALAN GALT, Esq. Author of 'Annals of the Parish.'
LORD FRANCIS LEVISON GOWER, Translator of 'Faustus,'
THE ETRICK SHEPHERD.
WILLIAM JERDAN, Esq.
D. M. MOIR, Esq. Author of 'The Donnie Waugh.'
A. PICKEN, Esq. Author of 'The Dominie's Legacy.'
THOMAS POWELL, Esq. Author of 'The Lost Heir.'
G. P. JAMES, Esq. Author of 'Richelieu.'
LEITCH RITCHIE, Esq. Author of the 'Romance of French History.'

CONTENTS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| Bertrand de la Croix, or the Siege of Rhodes. By the Author of 'Richelieu.' | The Deer-Stalkers: a Highland Legend. By A. Picken. |
| Haddad-Ben-Ahah; or, the Traveller. By the Author of 'Annals of the Parish.' | The Painter. By John Galt. |
| The Gipsy. By the Author of 'The Lost Heir.' | The Laidlers and the Cottoveller. By the Etrick Shepherd. |
| Eisenbach; or, the Adventures of a Stranger: a Metropolitan Story. By the Author of 'The Dominie's Legacy.' | The Bridal of Northwick. By the Author of 'Maudie Waugh.' |
| The Fatal Whisper. By John Galt. | The Unmarried Hour. By John Galt. |
| The Sleepless Woman. By Wm. Jerdan. | The Cheatrick Packman. By Leitch Ritchie. |
| Dramatic Scenes. By Lord Francis Leveson Gower. | The Bogle of the Brae: a Queer Courtship Story. By the Etrick Shepherd. |
| Gowden Gibbie. By Allan Cunningham. | The Book of Life. By John Galt. |
| | The Three Kearneys: a Tale of the Dominie. By A. Picken. |

In a few days will be published,

The History of the Indian Cholera, in popular Language. By James Kennedy, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London.

It has been the object of the author to strip the subject of every species of mystery and speculation, and to lay before the reader a multitude of facts (hitherto unpublished in Europe), explaining the origin and laws of the pestilence, and of a rational method of cure. The inefficient and cruel character of the present quarantine regulations is exposed, and the adoption of an effective and humane system recommended.

London: J. HOLMES, Took's Court, Chancery Lane. Published every Saturday at the ATHENÆUM OFFICE, 7, CATHERINE STREET, Strand, by J. LECTON; and sold by E. WILSON, 8s, Royal Exchange; W. RICHMOND, 116, JERVIS STREET; and all Booksellers and Newsmen in Town and Country. G. G. BROWN, No. 8, Rue Neuve St. Augustin, Paris; Messrs. PRATT and BARRY, BRUSSELS; PEXTERS and BESSER, HAMBURG; F. FLEISCHER, LEIPZIG; GRAY and BOWEN, BOSTON, &c. &c. Price 4s. or in Monthly Parts (in a wrapper). Advertisements, and Communications for the Editor (post paid) to be forwarded to the Office as above.